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SUMMER AND SORROW.

Brier rose and woodbine flaunting by
the wayside,
Field afoam with ox-eyes, crowfoot's
flaming gold,
Poppies in the corn-rig, broom on every
braeside,
Once again 'tis summer as in years
of old—
Only in my bosom lags the winter's
cold.
All among the woodland hyacinths are
gleaming;
O the blue of heaven glinting through
the trees!
Lapped in noonday languor Nature lies
a-dreaming,
Lulled to rest by droning clover-
haunting bees.
(Deeper dreams my dear love, slain
beyond the seas.)

Lost against the sunlight happy larks
are singing,
Lowly list their loved ones nestled
in the plain;
Bright about my pathway butterflies
are winging,
Fair and fleet as moments mourned
for now in vain—
In my eyes the shadow, at my heart
the pain.

Punch.

THE IMMORTAL.

Here, where I went in and out,
I no more may come and go.
This with sweetbriar fringed about
Is another's garden, so
His the master's foot to come
In each dear, remembered room.

Such a blank, forgetting face
The house turns that was my house,
Where I built a little space,
As the birds build in the boughs.
But the birds—the birds are gone
And the vernal days are done.

Forth I fare, that once would stay.
I have neither walls nor roof,
Being a traveller, blithe and gay,
In a world that's weather-proof,
Where no rust eats in, no moth
Frets the sacred altar-cloth.

Open, skies, and let me through.

Here I struck no roots to be
Fearful of all winds that blew.

There I shall grow a tree, a tree
Where in calm and shining weather,
My birds and I shall be together.

Katharine Tynan.

The British Review.

A CROSS IN FLANDERS.

In the face of death, they say, he
joked—he had no fear:
His comrades, when they laid him
in a Flanders grave,
Wrote on a rough-hewn cross—a Cal-
vary stood near—
“Without a fear he gave
“His life, cheering his men, with
laughter on his lips.”
So wrote they, mourning him. Yet
was there only one
Who fully understood his laughter, his
gay quips,
One only, she alone—
She who, not so long since, when love
was new-confessed,
Herself toyed with light laughter
while her eyes were dim,
And jested, while with reverence de-
spite her jest
She worshipped God and him.

She knew—O Love, O Death!—his soul
had been at grips
With the most solemn things. For
she, was *she* not dear?
Yes, he was brave, most brave, with
laughter on his lips,
The braver for his fear!

G. Rostrevor Hamilton.

The Atheneum.

FOR THEE THEY DIED.

For thee their pilgrim swords were
tried,
Thy flaming word was in their
scrips,
They battled, they endured, they died
To make a new Apocalypse.
Master and Maker, God of Right,
The soldier dead are at thy gate,
Who kept the spears of honor bright
And freedom's house inviolate.

John Drinkwater.

IRELAND AND THE WAR.

During the earlier part of 1914 Ireland enjoyed a blaze of publicity. Whether Nationalist or Unionist, Roman Catholic or Protestant, we Irish have always had a talent for keeping our affairs before the public. We seldom fail to secure and hold the centre of the stage. The Press, which controls the lime-light, has always been generous to us. Just before the War we were unusually successful. Parliament was going through the last stages of labor, a long and painful labor, and was apparently about to bring to birth a kind of Home Rule Bill. Politicians of all sorts were rampant and attracted an amount of public attention which must have been most gratifying to them; all the more gratifying because they had to face an unusual amount of competition in the struggle for publicity. Volunteers drilled, paraded, marched and countermarched all over Ireland. There were no less than four different kinds of Volunteers, and they numbered altogether, if newspaper statements are to be believed, something between three and four hundred thousand men. There were the original Ulster Volunteers, pledged to defeat Home Rule, about whose efficiency military experts wrote solemn articles in *The Times* and elsewhere. There were the National Volunteers, more or less under the control of Mr. Redmond, quite determined that Home Rule should not be killed. There were the Irish Volunteers, who did not think highly of Mr. Redmond and doubted whether his Home Rule deserved to be called Home Rule at all. There was a Citizen Army which did not care much about Home Rule one way or another but wanted higher wages and thought Mr. Larkin might lead it to victory.

Gun-running was a popular amuse-

ment. It was carried on in the teeth of a Royal Proclamation which forbade the importation of arms into Ireland. This added zest to the sport, introducing a pleasant sense of risk which redeemed from dullness what would otherwise have been an ordinary matter of business. The risk was not serious because the Government made it clear from the start that it did not mean to punish anyone. In the end a police officer who was so ill-advised as to interfere with a gun-running coup at Howth was dismissed; just to teach him and the rest of us that Royal Proclamations are not meant to be taken seriously in Ireland. There was an affair, called by some people a plot, by others an incident, in the working out of which the reputation of certain Cabinet Ministers suffered a little; and, in the resulting *sauve qui peut* among politicians, suggestions were made that the discipline of the British Army was not all that it should be. There were Covenants of blood-curdling intensity, one signed in Ireland and one, subsidiary, in England, with a long list of subscriptions attached to it. At the very end of July—being at that moment “on the verge of Civil War”—we arrived at a Buckingham Palace Conference where, it seems, everybody solemnly disagreed with everybody else about the fate of three or four parishes in County Tyrone, a pleasant anti-climax equal to the best that has ever been achieved in the long history of English management of Irish affairs.

Then came the outbreak of the War and, following it, Mr. Redmond's declaration of unswerving loyalty to the British Empire. Ireland disappeared from the stage, bowing acknowledgments to rapturous applause, but bowing a little awkwardly and with some embarrassment. It was the

first time that Ireland had ever been hailed as the "One Bright Spot" in the imperial horizon. It will probably be the last.

Having in this way retired from public view and seeing no immediate prospect of attracting attention to our affairs again for a long time, we began to take stock of ourselves in our new part. We were utterly unaccustomed to being a "Bright Spot," and were not at all sure that we liked it. The Ulster Orangemen listened to the enthusiastic praise of Ireland's devotion to the Empire a little sulkily. Their feelings are quite intelligible. They had made and for many years maintained a corner in Irish loyalty. They had traded fairly successfully with England on the understanding that they alone could provide this particular article for the market. It was disconcerting to find Mr. Redmond coming forward with an apparently unlimited supply of the commodity. They had called Mr. Redmond and all his adherents traitors to the Empire, disloyal subjects of the King and rebels in intention who only waited a favorable opportunity to become rebels in fact. They had quoted, with considerable though diminishing effect, speeches made by members of the Nationalist Party in remote parts of America, speeches which it was really not fair to quote since they were plainly not meant for British audiences. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, Mr. Redmond, his party with the possible exception of Mr. Ginnell heartily supporting him, gave the lie direct to all that had ever been said about his disloyalty, and everybody in England accepted his word. It is no wonder that the Orangemen gasped, growled a little and took some time to recover their self-possession. Ireland as a "Bright Spot" did not fit into their scheme of things. Their whole political position was based on

the assertion that Ireland was a disagreeable ink stain on the otherwise spotless cloth spread over the wide table of the British Empire.

The ordinary working Nationalists, the men of the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, were even more uncomfortable than the Northern Orangemen. They had no intention whatever of revolting against Mr. Redmond or disowning the members of the party which represented Nationalist Ireland at Westminster. But dislike of the Empire and a firm conviction that all enemies of England are deserving of sympathy and support are important and necessary parts of Irish Nationalism, as these men and their fathers before them had understood Nationalism. It was startling and exceedingly disconcerting to find themselves committed to a strange kind of loyalty, to be called upon not to cheer but to fight a foreign enemy. Their feelings were somewhat like those of the crew of a racing yacht which comes suddenly under the lee of a high pier. The boat has been tearing along, her lee gunwale awash, her boom well out over the counter, her deck at a sharp angle. The men, crouched under the weather gunwale, have braced themselves against the list of the boat. Their muscles are tense. Their hands grasp belaying pins and cleats. Suddenly the overhanging pier takes the wind out of all the sails. The boom swings inboard with a crash. The boat bounces up on to even keel. The deck becomes unexpectedly flat. The men feel as if they were standing on their heads and are in imminent peril of going overboard backwards. The ordinary Nationalists found themselves in this uncomfortable position. They were prepared to support Mr. Redmond, to pass, at meetings of Boards of Guardians and Urban District Councils, any resolutions sent down to them

from headquarters, but they wanted a little time to adapt themselves to their new part.

The uncompromising Nationalists of the Sinn Fein kind were as much startled as anybody else. They had always professed to distrust Mr. Redmond, who seemed to them more English Liberal than Irish Nationalist. They despised the Home Rule dangled before their eyes as miserably insufficient and unlikely ever to come into operation. But they had never suspected even Mr. Redmond of attempting to commit Ireland to imperial loyalty. It took them some little time to realize that he had justified the worst—the worst from the standpoint of "intellectual" nationalism—that had ever been said of him. Before it was fully realized that chance and the exigencies of public life had forced Mr. Redmond into a very difficult position and that a splendid weapon had been placed in the hands of the extremists, the Government woke up to the fact that the publications of the Sinn Fein party were a source of public danger likely to injure the recruiting campaign in Ireland. Acting with a vigor sharply contrasted with the pre-war apathy, the Government suppressed one paper after another and even, it was whispered, deported from the country, sent into temporary exile, certain leaders suspected of not wanting to live up to the "Bright Spot" theory of Ireland. Thereafter the members of this party have worked against England under a heavy handicap. They obtain printed publication of their views only with extreme difficulty. Rigorous imprisonment and possible deportation threaten them if they make speeches. The Defence of the Realm Act in Ireland is by no means the pleasant phantom which we all admired in the Royal Proclamation against the importation of arms.

The Southern Unionists, men not in

any way to be confused with the Northern Orangemen, viewed Mr. Redmond's declaration of loyalty from their peculiar standpoint of slightly cynical detachment. They had seen many dawns of brighter days and many new eras of union among Irishmen for the good of their common country. They were aware that dawns and new eras generally end in little crops of knighthoods to be gathered by the men who repeat with most conviction the catchwords of the moment. The new imperial loyalty did not seem, on the face of it, to be in any way different from a good deal that had gone before. These men sent their sons into the fighting line ungrudgingly and without a moment's hesitation. No class of the community can have done more, probably no class has done so much in proportion to its numbers as the Southern Irish Unionists, men loyal to the Empire by long tradition. But, at first at all events, they viewed the War itself with a curious detachment. It was my fortune to return to Ireland, after a sojourn in England, during the autumn of 1914. The difference in tone between the English and Irish upper and middle classes was striking. In Ireland there was little or no foaming at the mouth over the dishonored "Scrap of Paper"; and no one went into hysterics about "Gallant Little Belgium." These Irishmen were prepared to fight, to send the last men among them of military age to France or anywhere else, but they were not going into rhapsodies of any sort, and, when things were at their very worst, a half humorous smile came easier to them than any kind of sentimentalism.

Such, in rough outline, was the condition of Irish public opinion during the early weeks of the War. The problem was how to secure Irish soldiers for the new army. It was felt that the Northern Unionists might be relied

on to enlist in respectable numbers as soon as they got over the unpleasant shock of finding that Mr. Redmond was loyal after all. The extreme, vehemently anti-English Nationalists could be, and to a considerable extent actually have been, suppressed. Their anti-recruiting efforts have not, in fact, been very effective; except, curiously enough, among the salesmen in drapers' shops. Why drapers' assistants and shopmen generally should be more susceptible than other classes of the community to attacks of doctrinaire Nationalism is hard to discover. The real difficulty lay in the general apathy of the mass of the Irish Nationalists, an apathy much worse than any which existed in England, because at the back of it was a vague feeling that to fight for the British Empire was a form of disloyalty to Ireland. In the face of Mr. Redmond's declaration the feeling could find no open expression among orthodox Nationalists. But it existed, a steady drag against the efforts of those who were trying to encourage recruiting.

It was obvious almost from the start that speeches, however eloquent, made at recruiting meetings were not very much use. The fact is that Ireland is less responsive to oratory than any other part of the British Isles. For a century and a half this country has been deluged with fine speaking, and we can now stand more of it than most men without being moved to action of any kind. We are in the position of opium-eaters who can take large quantities of their drug without being affected in any way. Their bodies have established toleration of the poison. We have established a national toleration of oratory. We go to public meetings willingly and cheer whatever is said to us, but we do not enlist merely because we are told to do so in resounding periods. We are not worked up to the pitch of action

even by the finest language. The great recruiting meeting held in Dublin by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond was almost entirely barren of visible results.

An effort was made by some astute and mell-meaning persons to awaken in Ireland a kind of loyalty to France. "You do not want to fight for England," so we were told, "but in this War you will be fighting for France, and France is the ancient friend of Ireland. Think of Wolfe Tone and his connection with General Hoche. Think of the French who landed at Killala." The idea was a good one, and it ought to have worked. As long as there is an Irish Nationalist left in the world the name of Wolfe Tone will get its cheer. But unfortunately France has not been popular in Ireland for a good while back. There were certain suppressions of religious Orders and an anti-clerical feeling in France which we did not like. "French Atheist" was for some time a favorite term of abuse among us. It is like "Factionist," of vague but horrible meaning, a missile, which, if vigorously hurled, will almost certainly bring down a political opponent. We were not going to be persuaded into any kind of enthusiastic support of "French Atheists."

The shelling of cathedrals by the Germans, the stories of their treatment of priests and nuns and the imprisonment of Cardinal Mercier produced some, but not very much, effect on Irish opinion. It was understood that Cardinal Mercier had been welcomed to London by the Irish who lived there and had said nice things about Ireland. But the Irishman in London is a remote person, and Cardinal Mercier is remoter still. In Ireland what was said by Cardinal Mercier did not matter nearly so much as what was said by Father Tom up in the presbytery of the village—Father Tom, whom everybody knew, who was the visible representative of the Church. And Father

Tom, during the early part of the War, kept his mouth shut. There were exceptional Father Toms, but for the most part the priests acted as the King of Moab wanted the prophet Balaam to act, neither blessing at all nor cursing at all. It cannot be said that the religious appeal to the Irish people was particularly successful during the early days of the recruiting movement. Even now religious feeling is pulling two ways. The anti-English party in Ireland is making the most it can of the Pope's timidly expressed preference for the cause of Germany. On the whole, however, it may be said that religious considerations have had singularly little to do with the formation of Irish opinion about the present War.

Someone, perhaps a malicious person, perhaps an enthusiastic imperialist who had lost his temper, started a theory in the early autumn that Irishmen were to be compelled to serve in the Army by means of an old Act of Parliament which had somehow escaped being repealed. A number of young men from a country district in the Midlands emigrated to America in haste so as to escape becoming soldiers. Very much the same thing happened recently, again in a rural district, before it was realized that the Registration Bill was not to apply to Ireland. In both cases the accusation of rank cowardice was hurled at Irishmen generally, unjustly I think. The accounts which filter through the Censor's Office of the doings of our regiments at the Front plainly show that when we start fighting we fight as well as any men.

The old party spirit, though officially supposed to be dead for the period of the War, revived a little, but it received no support or encouragement from the leaders on either side. There were whispers and shakings of the head over the disloyalty of Irish National-

ists who were supposed to have succeeded and given supplies first to German mine-layers and then to German submarines. The Orangemen were reminded, by way of retort, that some of them had spoken with admiration and affection of the Kaiser during the crisis of the Home Rule controversy. It was even suggested that the Ulster division of the new army was being allowed to stay at home while Nationalist soldiers were sent out to be shot. I do not suppose that either set of accusations was taken seriously by many people; but they served to show that the old spirit of controversy was by no means dead in spite of the fact that leaders on both sides discouraged it.

In the face of all these difficulties Irish recruiting began before Christmas to be fairly brisk. As time went on it seems to have steadily improved. Official figures are not, of course, available, but from time to time Mr. Redmond gives us numbers which, it may be presumed, he gets from some authoritative sources. It may fairly be said now that Ireland is doing, if not brilliantly, at all events fairly; and that Irishmen of every class, except one, are taking their part in the struggle.

Every credit is due to the members of the Nationalist party for what they have done to bring about this result. They have honestly and faithfully tried to make good the pledge which Mr. Redmond gave. They have worked against great difficulties and no doubt have sometimes had to face charges of inconsistency not easily borne, even by politicians who must be more or less accustomed to them. Economic causes have helped their work, especially in the towns. The separation allowances granted to the wives of the soldiers are certainly fair, perhaps generous, in England. Here, where the standard of living and the rates of wages are lower

than on the other side of the Channel, the separation allowances are distinctly tempting. Cynical people say that the Irish working-man has been belabored into the Army with the broomstick of his wife. That is a scandalous way of expressing the fact that Irishwomen, with the figures of the separation allowances before their eyes, have not made any difficulties about allowing their husbands to enlist.

Stories of Irish gallantry in the field have affected the imaginations of men at home, especially in the towns where such stories are more frequently read and pass more easily from mouth to mouth than in the country. I have no doubt that the presence of soldiers in all parts of the country, the sight of the uniforms, the infection of the military spirit, have made a definite appeal. Outside a few garrison towns a soldier is seldom seen in Ireland in normal times. Fifty years ago the War Office had a policy of scattering small bodies of troops all over the country, stationing detachments in various little towns. One by one these smaller barracks have fallen into disuse. The troops have been concentrated in large camps or barracks. The change has been made, no doubt, for good reasons, but it has made recruiting more difficult. Young men were less inclined to join an Army which they never saw than they were when they had soldier friends in their own neighborhood. The War changed that state of things. Everybody saw soldiers and knew soldiers personally. The pomp of military life—though the authorities did their best to discourage pomp—has to some extent touched the popular imagination.

At the same time, in spite of the fair success of Irish recruiting, the general tone of Nationalist opinion is very far from enthusiastic for the cause of the Allies. The Government is afraid to

release more than a small number of the Irish police for military service. The men themselves are willing to volunteer. The police duties of the country in quiet times could certainly be performed by fewer men, and there are many police pensioners who would be ready to take up their old work. But the Irish Government is unwilling to allow very many members of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Force to join the Army. This may be excess of caution, but it is the caution of men who ought to know Ireland. To say that there is any considerable amount of pro-German feeling in Ireland is to say what is certainly not true. But there is a great deal of anti-English feeling, smouldering, lacking public expression, but strong.

It is noticeable that it is tacitly agreed by politicians of both parties that the Registration Bill is not to apply to Ireland. No one seems to care to ask why. No one has given any reason of the kind that can be paraded in public why Ireland should be excluded from the scope of the measure. The fact is that there is no respectable-looking, nicely dressed excuse for the exclusion of Ireland. But there is a real reason, the kind of reason which shelters itself behind official excuses on these occasions, and would shelter behind the official excuse in this matter of the Registration Bill if there were any official excuse to shelter behind. No one wants to attempt to apply this law to Ireland because no one is quite sure what would happen if it were applied. The Irish people have made it quite plain that they do not like anything which would tend to smooth the way to compulsory military service. There might very well be an amount of passive resistance to registration in Ireland which would be extremely difficult to overcome. There would certainly be floods of talk of a

kind which would not read nicely when reported in the newspapers, which might conceivably encourage the Germans to think that Ireland is not quite such a "Bright Spot" as she was supposed to be. Mr. Redmond would certainly be placed in a very awkward position if he came back to Ireland with a Registration Bill instead of the long-promised Home Rule. And it would not be fair to Mr. Redmond, who has steadily done his best, to endanger his position as the leader of "the Irish Race at Home and Abroad."

It is agreed on all sides—it is asserted by everyone with any knowledge of the country—that there is one class in Ireland which has hitherto failed badly to respond to the call to arms. Recruiting among the farmers has been very poor. Explanations are offered and excuses are made for the farmers, but the fact of their failure is not denied. No doubt their work, the supplying of food, is peculiarly necessary at present; but it can scarcely be argued that the Irish farmer's son stays at home and allows other people to fight for him out of pure altruism. No doubt the farmers, not only in Ireland but everywhere, feel the economic pressure of the War less than most men. The steady rise in the price of food-stuffs tends to benefit the farmer; and he is all the less inclined to adventure forth into new ways of life because he is doing very well where he is. But neither excuses nor explanations do much to justify the farmer in lagging behind every other class.

Two points of special interest attract the attention of anyone who observes the attitude of the Irish farmers towards the War. In the first place we notice that what the Irish farmers are doing for the State is in inverse proportion to what the State has done for them. If gratitude were an operative motive in public affairs the Irish farmers would be sending their last

available man into the Army. All that Old Age Pensions, Workmen's Compensation, and State Insurance have done for the industrial worker is a mere trifle compared with what the Land Acts and the State advances for purchase have done for the Irish farmer. The fact seems to be that the Irish farmer, because so much has been done for him, has got out of the way of thinking that anything in the way of public duty can be or ought to be required from him. This is only an example on a large scale of the working of a law with which we are all familiar in private life. The sense of duty is strongest in those who receive fewest benefits and tends to grow weaker where men learn to look to others for what they want. Dry-nursing by the State is as bad for a class as petting by an over-fond mother is for a child.

The other point of singular interest is the fact that the failure of recruiting among the farmers has apparently nothing to do with either politics or religion. It is not a question of Unionist farmers doing well and Nationalist farmers doing badly or vice versa. Unionism and Nationalism, professions of loyalty or disloyalty have not affected the matter one way or another. It is farmers as farmers who have fallen behind the rest of their countrymen, both Unionist and Nationalist, in enlisting or sending their sons to enlist in the Army. It used to be said by Unionists, with some little truth, that the Irish farmers in the South and West were not very eager for Home Rule. It was also said, with about an equal amount of truth, that the strength of the Ulster opposition to Home Rule lay in the towns, and that the farmers, left to themselves, would offer no serious resistance. The fact seems to be that the Irish farmers, both northern and southern, have lapsed into a condition of apathy from which it is exceedingly difficult to

arouse them. They are not pro-Germans. They are not even anti-English. The appeals of extreme Nationalists, the "intellectual" revolutionaries, leave them cold. They are simply unwilling to disturb themselves and quite determined that the State shall not disturb them.

It is possible that further efforts, especially personal efforts, may have

The Nineteenth Century and After.

more success. It is possible that the patriotic appeals of the Agricultural Organization Society may awaken some spirit of altruism. We may at all events hope for better things, and we may recognize gladly that the rest of Ireland has, according to its ability, done well in providing both men and money.

*James O. Hannay
(George A. Birmingham).*

THE FUNCTION OF SEA POWER.

Broadly viewed, the war forced by Germanism upon an unwilling world is a matter of the sea, the control of the sea, and the influence brought by that control. The aim of its originators is the destruction of an Empire of the seas. In an unbridled lust of sea-power the historian of to-morrow will find its root. Its course may run hither and thither, its fortunes fluctuate, its crises wax and wane; but the final issue will rest in the hands of the superior sea power.

It is no figure of speech to say that war between England and Germany became inevitable in 1900—inevitable, that is to say, unless this Empire—founded, nourished, and defended by sea-power—deliberately renounced its heritage. In that year of ill-omen, the greatest of land powers decided that its future "lay on the water"; and, with characteristic thoroughness, set itself to the task of preparing for "the Day." The purpose underlying that ambition was set forth, with Teutonic frankness, in the preamble to the now notorious Navy Act. This Act provided for the creation of a fleet so formidable that "the mightiest naval power" could not engage it with the certainty of victory. By 1917, or perhaps a twelve-month sooner, the creation was to have been complete. The rash action of a Serajevo student, however, precipitated

matters—or, perhaps, it were kinder to German diplomacy to suggest that, of the first stage in the process of a Teutonic domination of the world, "the mightiest naval power" was intended to be but a spectator. However that may be, the crucial moment in the history of more empires than one had arrived.

Let us set out the stages clearly. The first was the military overlordship, by ruthless conquest, of the continent of Europe. Two concomitants of that achievement could not but have been of the gravest concern to ourselves. These were, in the first place, the doubling of Teutonic naval strength by the absorption of the non-German navies; and, in the second place, the preparation of the Channel coast nearest these islands as a base for their invasion. The next stage—that of "the Day" proper—was destined to witness the transfer of "the trident" from the hand of decadent England to the virile grasp of the German superman. As a corollary of that event, Britain would have suffered relegation to the rôle of which Sir Edward Grey long since forewarned us—that of a "conscript appanage" to a continental power. Finally, in virtue of the German mastery of the seas, the New World would have been summoned to fall at the feet of the War Lord of the Old. Resistance at this

stage would have been futile. The Kaiser's dream of universal dominion would have become an accomplished fact—written before the eyes of all mankind, and branded on their souls, in blood and iron.

From the military point of view the occasion of the Bosnian crime might have seemed opportune enough. Judged by comparative strength of land forces, the Germanic Empires had arrived at their "most favorable moment." Had the calculations of the Great General Staff as to British neutrality been realized, all might have been well. That we should "keep out of it" was not only the shameful advice of a section of our own press: it was the business of the diplomatists at Berlin. In this they blundered. That we did not fall in with the Potsdam programme, or with the recommendations of our purblind Pacifists, and thus smooth the path of the Teutonic conquerors to our own damnation, was at once the first and the deadliest of all possible blows for the Pan-German conspirators. As for our peace-pursuing Government, from their eyes, at the supreme moment, the scales fell. Sudden conversion came upon them, as upon Saul on the road to Damascus. They did not "keep out of it." To their eternal credit let that fact stand—we will overlook the first fearful, all but fatal, vacillation. Thus, as the War Lord rang up the curtain on Armageddon, the British Fleet, "ready, aye ready," stood to its war-stations. And instantly, from the hour of the entry of the superior sea power upon the scene, the hopes of Prussiandom must have receded into ghastly uncertainty. Success became a problem—its solution indefinitely postponed. Only one chance remained. The "Admiral of the Atlantic" must prove his title: the High Seas Fleet must annihilate the Fleet of Britain.

Then indeed would the sun go down for ever on the British Empire, and *Kultur* replace, to the ends of the earth, the *Pax Britannica*.

In this unprecedented war, the grave of many theories, nothing seems impossible. To the German superman all things are possible. One possibility at least he will not, dare not, admit—that of ultimate defeat. Yet there can be no real victory for Germany so long as England holds the keys of the outer world. Wherefore, "we may be sure, the destruction, by hook or by crook, of our "first line of defence" is still sought by our enemy. Only thus can be raised the deadly siege which sea power has set about the Central Empires. There is no other road to the "place in the sun." And the time is short.

On this aspect of the situation—the need for the speedy shaking off of the British naval grip—some interesting pronouncements have been made. What say the Germans themselves? Thus the Grand Admiral, to whom the destruction of the superior sea power's fleet has been entrusted: "An unsuccessful naval war of the duration of only one year would suffice to destroy Germany's maritime trade, and bring about the most disastrous economic and social conditions." A year? Such is the estimate of the highest German authority. The year is up. Why is not Germany on her knees?

Two explanations suggest themselves. Perhaps the war has not been, from Germany's point of view, "an unsuccessful war." Perhaps she still contemplates, with confidence, putting all to the hazard for a naval victory, and is reserving her forces for the supreme moment.

Let us consider the first alternative. Since August last Germany has suffered much at sea. Allowing an equality of warship losses as compared with ourselves, she has had her mer-

chant marine swept from the seas; outside of the Fatherland her flag has disappeared; her maritime trade has vanished like a dream. So, too, that colonial empire in which she took such pride. On the other hand, she has certainly achieved some successes. She has torpedoed a round dozen of our old cruisers and pre-Dreadnought battleships. She has accounted for the lives of seven thousand of our highly-trained sailors and marines. She has sent a hundred of our merchantmen to the bottom. Thanks to a wretched piece of strategy—deemed by White-hall good enough for the Pacific—she made us taste the bitterness of defeat off Coronel. As for the interruption of her sea-borne trade—that, she fondly hopes, is for a season only. The seas are still open to her under-water craft; her battle-fleet remains intact. Everything considered, the war has not been, for Germany, as "unsuccessful" as it might have been.

The reason why those "disastrous economic and social conditions" have not overtaken the enemy lies with ourselves. Only six years ago we confirmed ourselves in a folly first perpetrated half a century since. The Declaration of London, dating from 1909, was but the Prussianized and up-to-date edition of that of Paris, by which we madly began to sign away those rights as a naval power which our forefathers won for us. We permitted ourselves to be tricked and fooled by those who had the strongest possible motive for so doing. The Declaration of London was an instrument devised by the military powers of Europe, under German inspiration, to neutralize the predominance of the British Fleet. Under pretence of mitigating the horrors of war—so distasteful to the cultured German mind—our enemies conspired to rob us of our chief weapon—our only weapon—of offence. Even at that date German diplomatists

had in view such a war as this, in course of which, while their Fleet declined a general action, their trade should go on as usual—in neutral ships. Stripped of its quibbles and its subtleties, this egregious Declaration embodied the essential principle—all-important for the inferior naval power—the neutral flag covers enemy goods. In other words, while the main British Fleet was to be subjected to a ceaseless, wearing vigil and to the losses inseparable from a skilfully conducted mosquito warfare, designed to reduce the disparity between the navies in fighting strength, the German merchant marine, taking refuge in American and other ports, would leave the raw materials for German industries—and, what is more, for munitions—to flow freely into the Fatherland through neutral channels. And to this monstrous, suicidal proposition the British Ministers agreed! Ay, and a British House of Commons set upon it the seal of its approval.

For seven months from the commencement of the war this amazing state of affairs persisted. Tirpitz was glad, and the dullest "Boche" applauded British stupidity. German reservists swarmed over in American ships to swell the War Lord's armies and enlarge our task in Flanders. Cargo after cargo of cotton—essential to the propulsion of high-explosive shells—and many tons of bauxite (the ore from which aluminum, so necessary for the proper construction of Zeppelins, is extracted) found their way into Germany under the very noses of our naval officers. Meanwhile, to set the coping-stone on this monument of folly, the British Cabinet announced their intention of conducting the naval warfare in accordance with the provisions of the Germanic Declaration of London!

All this, of course, suited our enemies excellently. It was the game

for which the Machiavellis of the Wilhelmstrasse had planned and plotted these many years. And in enjoyment thereof they might have continued till now, had they not, emboldened by their good fortune, overshot the mark. As a measure of naval policy, the "submarine blockade" of the British Isles is not easy to justify. Of effect upon the course of the war it promised little or nothing. Its influence on our over-sea commerce has proved all but negligible. It had, however, one consequence for which we cannot be too grateful. It awoke the British Government. That we should suffer neutral vessels to carry supplies to Germany while merchant ships bound for British ports were sunk promiscuously and at sight by German submarines was too much to expect—even of a British Government. The so-called blockade came into force on February 18th. On March 11th an Order in Council consigned the Declaration of London, with all its snares and sophistries, to sudden death. Tears will be shed at the Marine Amt over its untimely end; pro-Germans in this country will pray, and work, for its resurrection; but to its chief victim, the long-suffering, too-confiding Briton, the recollection of it will bring at once a sigh of relief and a blush of shame.

There is method in German madness. Not for results alone, in scuttled merchantmen, was the new piracy begun. It had another, and more sinister, aim—namely that, as regards our relations with America, the history of 1812 should repeat itself. Nothing could have afforded the plotters of Potsdam greater satisfaction than to set the two branches of Anglo-Saxon-dom by the ears. Incidentally, it might check to some extent the stream of munitions passing from the Eastern States to British ports—a privilege of the superior sea power which was as gall to the German soul. Finally it

was hoped that, by provoking us into greater stringency against non-belligerent shipping, it would embroil us with neutrals generally, and win their support for the German outcry against British "navalism."

The British reply to the "submarine blockade" is effective enough—so far as it goes. It can be made to apply to any ship bound for a German port or carrying cargo destined for Germany by way of a neutral port. But has it been thus applied? There is no imperative about the new provision. Any such vessel "may" be detained and, if suspect, "may" be sent before a British prize court. Great latitude is thus permitted and, there is reason to believe, is exercised. To take a single instance, during the early months of the war Germany no doubt availed herself of our remissness to accumulate vast stores of cotton. She is still receiving cotton—through Holland, Denmark, and Sweden. The imports of that priceless commodity into these countries has varied, since the war began, from fifty to a hundred times the normal amount. Nor has the Order of March 11th caused a cessation. During the three months following that Order, one hundred thousand tons of raw cotton are known to have entered Holland *en route* for Germany; and only within the past few weeks has the price of cotton increased to any appreciable extent.

Under the conditions of a blockade, in international naval law, no vessels whatever may enter or leave the prescribed area. A blockade thus maintained is said to be "effective"; and unless it is thus maintained it need not be recognized by neutrals as a blockade. Such a blockade of Germany is not feasible, and for two reasons. The Jutland promontory divides the German coast into two sections, the approaches to the eastern of which lie through territorial waters.

Again, those most mischievous developments of modern naval warfare, the mine and the submarine, prohibit the establishment of the close blockade of previous wars. In place of it we have the system of patrol, aided and simplified by the use of wireless telegraphy. Germany's sole avenues of approach from the outer seas are the English Channel and the North Sea between Scotland and the Norwegian coast. Given a plentiful supply of cruisers and like vessels, the patrolling system can be made as effective as the blockade. We cannot of course prevent Swedish or Norwegian ships from supplying those parts of Germany that lie within the Baltic area; but we can hold up, at either entrance to the North Sea, any ships bound for Swedish or Norwegian ports, if their cargoes on inspection may be presumed "of enemy destination." German publicists have informed their friends in the United States that the supplies which Germany specially needs, and which she cannot get in sufficient quantities from any of the sources remaining to her, are cotton, copper, petrol, and food. These she would like to obtain, *ad libitum*, from America, in American ships. The vigilance of the British cruisers forbids; and the situation, if not already desperate, must soon be so. Wherefore, German policy now aims at bringing pressure to bear on America and other neutral powers, with a view to their demanding from Britain, in combination, the relaxation of her system of patrol. In other words, Germany is good enough to intimate to the non-combatant world that she is prepared to abandon an illegal and inhuman mode of warfare, if we will abandon a legal and accepted one. Conveniently ignoring the fact that the United States, in their last two naval wars, availed themselves to the full of the very methods of warfare to which the Germans now object, the

German Government urges America to lead the neutral powers in forcing us to adopt a policy favorable for Germany, suicidal for ourselves.

What reply are we making to this typically German intrigue? Apparently, none. Cotton still finds its way, in the interests of *Kultur*, to Krupps; the sinking of unarmed merchantmen proceeds apace. By now the haunts of the German submarines are passably well known. Nothing is done to disperse them. Even for the *Lusitania*'s last and much advertised voyage, a convoy of two or three destroyers could not be spared. The inference is obvious. Our above-water torpedo craft, numerous as they are, are not equal to our needs. All we have are fully occupied in forming a screen for our battle-fleet, and in similar important tasks. It is easy to be wise after the event, but the parsimony of the late Government in the matter of providing for torpedo-craft and light cruisers stands heavily condemned. The submarine peril, long foreseen, has been far from adequately met.

However, there are other ways of dealing—indirectly, if not directly—with the new piracy. We might take a leaf out of the book of Italy. The first Italian merchantman to be scuttled after the German fashion drew the announcement from the Government at Rome that for every Italian ship thus sunk in defiance of the accepted rules of warfare, one of the interned German vessels should be confiscated. That is the kind of argument your German pirate understands. As Germany sets no small store by the preservation of her merchant marine for *post-bellum* use, the Italian procedure is peculiarly appropriate. Another method suggests itself. As a relief from the monotony of the concentration camp, a suitable number of interned German subjects might with ad-

vantage be given a sea-voyage on board each merchant vessel of importance, and the fact duly notified to the German Government. At the Hague Conference of 1907, when the laws of naval warfare were discussed, codified, and agreed upon by all the powers, Germany included, the Teutonic representative, von Bieberstein, took occasion to assure the world that "the officers of the German Navy would always fulfil, in the strictest manner, the duties which flow from the unwritten law of humanity and civilization." A systematic and well devised system of reprisals might have the effect of reminding Berlin of these words.

As German professors and editors have been at pains to remind us of late, we have not yet won the command of the sea. So long as the German Navy remains undefeated, "a fleet in being," we can make no such claim. Of the hollowness of our pretence to maritime supremacy, the sinking of the *Lusitania* in British waters seemed, to the German mind, a signal proof. Hence the glee with which that "great victory" was acclaimed throughout the Fatherland. All we can say is that we have, so far, successfully "contained" the German Fleet, and that, except for the incursions of German submarines and an occasional raid upon our East Coast watering-places, we hold a temporary command of the sea. The useful part played by the Russian Fleet in the Baltic now becomes apparent. It occupies the same relation to the German Fleet as the German Fleet does to our own. That is to say, though inferior in strength to the German Fleet, it has to be contained by that fleet. No doubt this is one of the reasons why the German Fleet does not court an action in the North Sea. In the event of defeat, the command of the Baltic would fall automatically to the Russian Fleet and, under cover of its

guns, armies might be landed on the East German coast, turning the left of the German line on the east and otherwise deranging the Teutonic plan of campaign. Better by far a "fleet in being," even in ignominious seclusion, than an issue so disastrous.

Nevertheless, let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that the High Seas Fleet is rotting in the Kiel Canal. Our enemies have not abandoned hope of a naval victory which would spell, in the ruin of the British Empire, the final triumph of Germanism. At the outset of the war, the strength of the two powers in capital ships was roughly as three to two. Since then notable additions have been made to both fleets. Mr. Churchill has assured us that the reinforcements in our case would be "incredible, if they were not actual facts." We know, for example, that there has been much talk of the exploits, in the Near East, of the "Lizzie," the first Dreadnought to mount the 15-inch gun. Others of the same formidable type have by now joined the fighting line; while the vessels of the succeeding year's programme, five in number, must also be near completion. In addition, there were a number of ships of various types under construction for foreign powers which, on the outbreak of hostilities, were incorporated in the Royal Navy. On the other hand, Germany has added at least four first-class ships to her capital strength, not including the Greek super-Dreadnought *Salamis*, in hand at the Stettin Yard. For the safe accomplishment of further Scarborough raids enormous speed is necessary. Submarines apart, therefore, our enemies are believed to be concentrating on the construction of battle-cruisers. Rumor, moreover, credits them with having substituted 15-inch guns for 12-inch and 14-inch guns on all Dreadnoughts not actually completed at the outbreak of the war.

Slow and complex though this operation may be, it has probably by now been accomplished. We must remember that our greatest naval victories in the past were won against odds. At Trafalgar the allied French and Spanish fleets enjoyed what was almost a 20 per cent superiority. The Germans have unbounded faith in their naval capabilities and in what Herr Delbrück calls their "surplus intelligence." When the selected moment comes, they may be trusted to bring every auxiliary vessel into line—on, above, and under the water, and to resort to the most desperate expedients to counteract the British margin of superiority. The risk of annihilation may be great; but so, in the event of success, will be the prize.

Whether, in these circumstances, we can be said to have (as the late First Lord of the Admiralty recently suggested) more ships than we require is open to question. According to Mr. Churchill, we have a number of "surplus ships," of which the Germans would do well to relieve us by the end of the year, so that their crews might be available for the super-Dreadnoughts nearing completion. Thus lightly is passed over the loss of the *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir*; of the *Formidable* and her sister-battleships—all of which, but for the absence of a torpedo-boat screen, might be with us to-day. Here also, doubtless, lies the exegesis of the costly attempt to reproduce, at the Dardanelles, the *tour de force* of a British Admiral a hundred years ago. Unfortunately, the price of that error has not been paid in "surplus ships" alone. The defences of the Gallipoli peninsula received "incredible reinforcements" in the two months' notice we gave of our intentions; and the slow and expensive progress on the flanks of Achi Baba is the result.

The British Review.

The truth is that we are confronted by an enemy as resourceful as he is ruthless, who will spare no effort, trick, or intrigue—with or without the laws of naval warfare—to work our downfall. We can afford no more losses, even of "surplus ships" engaged in "great subsidiary operations." Still less can we venture to jeopardize the Fleet which is our all—which alone stands between the Empire and total ruin—by any further exercise of "amateur strategy." The series of unconstitutional Orders in Council which, beginning in the days of Mr. Gladstone, has served to undermine the authority of the Board of Admiralty and concentrate the direction of naval policy in the hands of its civilian head, must follow the Declaration of London into the limbo of follies proved and done with. No error, since the world began, can have been visited by so terrible a punishment as that which assuredly would overtake any faulty disposition of our naval forces. The barest possibility of such error must be eliminated, once for all. Germany objects to the siege to which our sea-power subjects her. To besiege a town, she protests, is legitimate: to besiege an empire, a crime. Let that pass. Without the smallest relaxation of effort, with due contrition for errors past—

"For frantic boast, for foolish word"—with the determination to meet the challenge, and remove once for all the deadliest peril which has ever threatened our Imperial existence, let that siege be pressed. We have the power to bring Germany to her knees, to destroy the militarist tyranny of the War Lords and rid mankind of a hideous menace to its liberty. It is the power of the sea—divinely, we may say, entrusted to our hands. Let us use it.

E. Bruce Mitford.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER XI

Francis Wendover returned to Rangoon for Christmas. Travelling for him had been continuous since the autumn, but by temperament he was not a person of repose, and the activity, both physical and mental, of the last three months had been greatly to his liking. He was one of those people who never will sit down unless obliged. When not at work he paced the rooms and the verandah; he enjoyed a voyage, not on account of the relaxation it afforded, but because he had time to march up and down the deck the whole day long; and on land or sea, whatever the occupation of his companion at the moment, he was always anxious that it should be changed for something else. Rose knew that his so-called rest at Christmas would mean turmoil for the household in contrast with the tranquil period of his absence; being off duty he would vent his energies upon domestic questions.

The moment he arrived, on Christmas Eve, he disapproved of all the preparations for the dinner-party to the station arranged for Christmas night. He also scolded Caroline because, he said, her aunt was looking ill, and he was convinced she had lost weight owing to his not having been on the spot to see her take her cod-liver-oil emulsion (a mixture Rose abhorred and only swallowed for the sake of peace when he was present).

"She has been having cream instead," said Caroline incautiously; "it is so much nicer."

They were at tea in the verandah, just after Mr. Wendover's arrival by the afternoon mail train. He stood at the top of the steps, his cup in his hand, looking about him with critical attention. Already he had ordered

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plants in pots to be replaced or changed, and had made Rose move her seat from one side of the tea-table to the other, and then back again; and he was annoyed because the silver milk jug showed a dent that had not been there before he went away.

"Cream!" he said. "Good heavens, Rose! No wonder you look bilious. Have you no sense? What is the good of my leaving you here in order to spare you the fatigue of rushing about by train with me, and of my allowing Carol to come out to India to look after you? Women are really hopeless!"

Caroline felt tempted to remark that her uncle had not spoken truth in what he said—that his reason for agreeing to her visit was not that in his absence she might cherish her Aunt Rose! But she refrained from answer, and instead directed her attention to Dan, the elder spaniel, who coveted the tea-cake she was eating. She threw him pieces that he swallowed whole, and still he begged for more.

"Don't waste good food on the dogs," said Francis irritably. "If you had to pay for it yourself, perhaps you would not be so generous."

Rose made a little gesture of distress and protest. Francis so often said things that sounded far more offensive and unkind than he actually intended them to be, and she could not always qualify them with some tactful word. She sat silent, helplessly regretful, while Caroline, incensed, got up and wandered off into the garden.

"Well?" said Francis, indifferent to his niece's feelings, "and how have things been going in that quarter? You told me next to nothing in your letters. Has Severn given symptoms yet of being attracted?"

Rose hesitated. "I thought at first

he did," she said. "But Carol didn't seem to like him."

"She can't afford to be particular!" said Francis. "What does she expect, may I ask?"

"You must remember she doesn't know we got her out here to find her a husband! If she had had any suspicion of our plot I don't suppose she would have come."

"Why not? There's nothing new or unnatural in the idea—especially in a case like Carol's!"

"I am beginning to wonder if Mr. Maturin——"

Francis slapped his leg. "Maturin? You don't say so. By Jove—capital! If old Maturin means business, nothing could be better." He rubbed his hands in pleased approval.

Rose repented having voiced her surmise. She added hastily, "I'm sure he hasn't said anything so far to Carol, but he certainly has paid her some attention—in the intervals of his work and the hours he spends on ant-heaps. Probably he doesn't mean anything serious."

"He shall have my blessing, if he does!" said Francis with a laugh.

"But we don't know that Carol would accept him. He's hardly the kind of man to attract a young girl as a husband, is he?"

"My dear, beggars can't be choosers—as you know yourself. If Maturin proposes, Carol shall accept him. Where is she likely to do better? Anyone with a grain of common sense must see that it would be sheer madness for her to throw away a chance of that kind. Maturin's an excellent fellow, and quite comfortably off, and if he's fool enough to want to marry a girl without a penny, and with nothing wonderful in the way of looks, who happens to be my niece, it shan't be my fault if she refuses him! Have you sounded Carol herself?"

"No, I thought I'd better leave it."

"Good heavens!—you should have exerted all your influence from the beginning! However, I'll talk to the girl myself, if she jibs."

"Francis, I hope you won't force Carol into anything. It's such a responsibility. Supposing it turned out badly——"

"Why on earth should it? The man's a gentleman, and the girl's been well brought up. Think of our own case. You didn't much want to marry me at first, did you, old lady?—and our show hasn't been such a deadly failure?"

He regarded his wife with genuine affection, leavened though it was with the consciousness of his own superiority.

She answered with a serious smile. "You were younger than Mr. Maturin, Francis, and I was older and perhaps more wise than Carol."

There was nothing to contradict in this remark, so Francis finished his tea with satisfaction. He had taught his wife to make tea properly, and he imagined he had also taught her the value of wifely virtues; though, no doubt, he would readily have admitted that there had been some excellent material to work upon. Aunt Rose looked out into the garden at Carol's white-clad figure moving listlessly among the roses, and told herself that Francis was not altogether wrong. Their marriage could not be considered a failure, and there was a good deal in what Francis had said. If a girl were "well brought up," and if a man had gentlemanly instincts, domestic disaster was unlikely to occur, though the pair might not be quite congenial to each other. She herself had been reared on normal, everyday lines, taught to be true to the traditions of her class; and though Francis might be irritating, and tiresome, and selfish in trifles, she knew in larger matters he would

never play her false. He did not lie to her, he would never be unfaithful, she was not slighted nor neglected; he might worry, fuss, and argue till her nerves felt raw, but nothing worse. She recalled the words of an unhappily married friend of early days—"My dear, as long as a man doesn't drink, and beat you, and run after other women, you may be very thankful." Francis loved her in his own fashion; probably he would be wretched if she died. And there was Frankie! Surely it was all to be preferred to dependence on relations, or the earning of a meagre living in some more or less humiliating manner, with a dreary, lonely future lying in wait ahead?

Her thoughts returned to Carol. After all Carol was a good girl, she knew what duty meant; and Mr. Maturin was kind and honest, even though a bore. When such a man became a woman's husband the bond was big enough to overshadow trivial trials, to level faults of temperament that were not vices. Should Carol be prevailed upon by Francis to marry Mr. Maturin she would doubtless settle down to placid happiness, the stormy little love affair with Captain Falconer would be forgotten, and her future would be safe. But Rose decided that she would take no active share in the coming situation.

Francis lit a cheroot, and went off to ascertain what advantage had been taken of his absence in the stables. Rose stayed dreaming in her chair, though he had told her to go into the drawing-room—for no reason in particular, save that she was sitting in the verandah.

Presently the noise of Mr. Maturin's motor disturbed the evening air. During the last few weeks it had constantly appeared within the compound, and the judge's calls had come to be accepted as a custom. By this time

aunt and niece were quite learned in the ways of ants, so soundly were they lectured by the judge concerning laws and habits peculiar to the insects that held for him such interest. Rose facetiously declared to Carol that as an "aunt" she felt convinced she must possess a two-fold share of Mr. Maturin's approval. She watched his courtship of her niece with her usual amused and unimpassioned curiosity, noting that Carol was always civil, that the girl would smile and listen, and allow herself to be conducted to distant corners of the compound to witness wondrous proofs of social systems, fierce fights with neighboring tribes, examples of domestic foresight, acts of self-devotion, in this insect world. By the hour the man would talk with animation on his special subject, and he had confided to Carol all his plans for the compilation of a work that should confirm his theories and conclusions, and make his reputation in scientific circles. At such times he certainly appeared to most advantage, his manner lost its stiffness, his eyes grew soft and pleasant, and his enthusiasm was infectious.

This evening, seeing Carol on the lawn, he stopped his car deliberately, before he reached the house, and joined her. Something in his bearing when they met told Mrs. Wendover that he had come with more to say this evening than was concerned entirely with ants; and, remembering the wishes of her husband, she rose and went into the drawing-room so that the visitor might not feel bound to make his greetings first to her.

Yes, Mr. Maturin had come with the intention of proposing to Miss Gordon. He had decided that his declaration must be timed with Wendover's return; though it seemed to him in some degree inglorious that he should have to ask his junior in the service for consent to wed his niece. Also he

was anxious that the matter should be settled before all the other single men came pouring in for Christmas, distracting Caroline's attention.

She made it plain that she was pleased to see him. It gave her comfort at the moment to encounter anyone who did not hold her in contempt; she was feeling angry and disturbed, annoyed beyond all measure with her uncle, and even prone to blame Aunt Rose as well for having sat so silent when Uncle Francis spoke unkindly.

"Your uncle has come back?" said Mr. Maturin.

"Yes," said Caroline resentfully. "I wish he hadn't!"

He regarded her with some surprise. "Why?" he asked her bluntly.

"Because I don't like him." Then she laughed, and her pretty face and figure, and her little confidential air, were captivating to the man of middle age. That she did not like her uncle was no proof of any lack of veneration in her nature—(privately Mr. Maturin did not like him either)—and from his point of view it was rather an advantage, for it might cause her to appreciate his offer all the more.

"Have you been to look at the lion-ant pits to-day?" he inquired, with diplomatic purpose.

She had not, and they strolled together to a patch of bare and dusty ground that lay between the kitchen garden and the orange grove, well hidden from the house and the servants' quarters. Here were curious little pits, funnel shaped, sunk into the surface of the dust, and in them dwelt alarming monsters, horned and fierce, that lay in wait for smaller ants to fall unwarily into the sandy abyss, and then devoured them alive. Lately Mr. Maturin had been showing Caroline the native trick of angling for these lion-ants with a single thread of horse-hair. But this evening he did not display his customary interest; even when

a troop of tiny ants poured forth from a neighboring fortress and attacked a lion-ant within his den he stood unmoved, while Caroline grew quite excited.

"Look!—do look!" she cried. "They've killed him!" Gazing downwards, she put up her hand to waken his attention, and he caught her fingers in his own.

"Carol!—dearest girl!" he said with fervor.

Amazed, she looked at him without attempting to withdraw her hand. It seemed to her that she had never really looked at Mr. Maturin before; he now appeared so different from the image she had carried in her mind. His dullness, his pomposity were gone, and here was a very human, artless male, intent and earnest in his supplication. And she noticed vaguely that he did not seem so old as she had thought him; his straw hat hid his baldness, his beard was trim and crisp, and certainly he had a well-shaped nose. His blue eyes, unencumbered by his glasses, were bright, and true, and ardent.

"Carol, will you marry me?" he said, with bold directness.

Possibly, if Francis had not come upon them at the moment, she might at least have given Mr. Maturin a hopeful answer, but before she could reply, even before she could regain possession of her hand, they were surprised; and Wendover himself, coming swiftly through the gardens from the stables, felt equally abashed and awkward when he found himself an accidental witness of the little scene. But he took, as he considered, the only tactful course. To pretend he did not realize the situation he felt would cause additional discomfort.

"Hullo!" he said, and halted, smiling slyly. "I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to interrupt; but now I'm here mayn't I be the first to wish you both good luck?"

Mr. Maturin drew back, and gazed at Caroline with question in his attitude. Painfully she blushed, and turned away in helpless perturbation.

"I was waiting for her answer," Mr. Maturin said stiffly. "Perhaps if you would leave us——"

Promptly, and in silence, Wendover walked on. Caroline felt desperate. She could not summon words to break the pause that followed. Suddenly the sunshine seemed to slacken, the acrid smell of burning wood came floating through the bushes; she noticed that the tiny ants were streaming back triumphant to their stronghold; she heard the evening scream of parrots, harsh and shrill, behind her in the orange grove, and then her own voice, high and artificial, saying "No!"

Mr. Maturin was kind and gentle. He said he feared he had been too precipitate—that, of course, he should have borne in mind the chance that she had not, till now, perceived his purpose. He asked her to forgive him, and to think it over; again he took her hand, this time paternally, and stroked it, and begged her not to be distressed, and Caroline was sharply conscious of his nice behavior. She liked him for it, and was grateful; she even wondered if eventually she might not reconsider her refusal; but at present she was too disturbed to face the future; also, in the background of her mind, she was aware that if she married Mr. Maturin her Uncle Francis would be pleased, and she felt a vicious craving to annoy him.

"Well, let us leave the question for the present," Mr. Maturin proposed indulgently; and Caroline agreed because, just now, she felt unequal to an argument, or to the making of a firm decision.

Until the rattle of her suitor's motor-car had died away she loitered in the darkening compound; then, dispir-

ited and chilled, she went slowly up the steps into the bungalow. The lamps were lighted in the drawing-room, through which she had to pass to gain her room, and to her aggravation there was Uncle Francis wandering up and down between the palms and screens and couches. She compared him with the lion-ant lurking for its victim, and wished she could destroy him with a horsehair thread.

He came towards her as she entered. "Well?" he asked, with an interest that struck her as aggressive. She would have passed him, but that he was standing in her way.

"Well—what?" she asked, assuming apathy.

"Good heavens, Carol! haven't I to congratulate you? I was sorry to have turned up as I did at the wrong moment, but I suppose there was no harm done?"

"No, none," said Caroline, and skirted round him.

He baffled her manœuvre. "Your aunt's waiting to hear all about it. You'll find her in her room, she's resting; but I hope you're going to tell me first how matters stand. I suppose, as I'm your uncle, Maturin will want to speak to me to-morrow—Christmas Day—a good occasion!" He grinned, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

Quietly she said: "I am not engaged to Mr. Maturin, Uncle Francis."

He missed the quibble in her statement, as she hoped he would.

"Good God!" he said, aghast. "You've refused him? Why, it's monstrous! You're nothing but a fool." He made an effort to control his anger. "Look here—listen to me," he went on, attempting peaceable persuasion; "come and sit down, there's lots of time. You needn't dress for dinner yet." He almost hustled her into a chair, and paced about before her. "Do you know what you've done?"

"Yes," said Caroline, with malign humility.

"You've chucked away a chance in a thousand, that's what you've done, you stupid child. Maturin's got a thousand a year of his own, if he's got a penny, in addition to his savings, and he's a decent fellow in a good position. What more do you want? Now, don't behave like a silly schoolgirl, be reasonable. Let me go and see him to-morrow morning and tell him you decided in a hurry, and that——"

"No—please!" she interrupted. "Please don't do that. I would rather you left it alone."

For a moment he did not speak. The lamp-light showed his black eyes shining hard and angry in his sallow face. His jaw was set. Francis had now completely lost his temper, but he no longer stormed and scolded. In a low and chilling voice he told her that her only hope in life lay in a marriage with some man who could afford to keep her; that he and Rose had had her out to India on the chance that she might find a husband and so remove a burden from her people; that her ingratitude and selfishness surpassed belief.

"You have little education," he concluded, gazing at her in cold criticism, "your accomplishments are nil, your looks are commonplace. Yet you disdain an offer that a girl in your position can ill afford to lose. Let me tell you that I do not intend to be made use of any longer. If you persist in your determination not to marry Mr. Maturin, I shall send you home. The sacrifice made by your grandparents for your outfit and your passage will be wasted, but that is a consideration that I suppose will not affect you."

Even though Caroline had known the object of her visit and had, in secret, acquiesced, the bald, bare statement of the situation from her uncle's lips was none the less repulsive. She sat silent,

overwhelmed with bitter feeling—her pride, her sense of what was owing to herself, prevented her from making any answer, and her silence goaded Francis well-nigh to a state of frenzy. He did not know how cruel he had been; according to his outlook, Caroline was senselessly provoking, and she deserved the sternest treatment. He felt that in the circumstances there was little he could say or do that was not justified by her perverseness. Little idiot!—sitting there in mulish protest, obstinate self-will expressed in every line of her person.

"Very well," he said at last, "you can take a day to think it over, and if you can't come to your senses I shall send you back to England. Now go and tell your aunt what a mess you've made of the whole business."

He left the room himself with quick, resentful footsteps, but Caroline did not obey his order. She went calmly to her bedroom and changed her dress, and during dinner she was much more self-contained than either Rose or Francis. She even made attempts at conversation, which were not well received. Her uncle considered that as she was in disgrace she ought not to talk at all, and her aunt was feeling far from well. The day had been exhausting, and when Francis found that Caroline had not confessed her conduct to his wife, he had prevented Rose from resting with his pacings up and down her room and his denunciations of their niece's refractory behavior. She hoped that Carol would confide in her, but after dinner in the drawing-room, while Francis put away the wine, she had to make the first advances.

Caroline proved amiable but firm. She would not discuss the question, and Rose felt far too languid to enforce debate to-night. She would try again to-morrow morning. In any case, the discord between her husband

and his niece did not disturb her much; she did not think that Carol would be likely to marry Mr. Maturin quite against her will. Rose knew how unpersuadable the girl could be. And as for the alternative—she could manœuvre so that Francis should not carry out his threat of sending Carol home. One way or the other it would come right. . . . Rose was really more concerned just then about her Christmas party. Mrs. Watts was ill and could not come, and it was doubtful if her family could leave her; one or two other people had sent uncertain answers in from camp; Mr. Stafford had written that he was going to Lucknow; and now, in the circumstances, Mr. Maturin would probably excuse himself. Rose asked Carol if she thought he would do so.

"Oh! he's sure to come," Carol answered calmly.

"But if you've just refused him—"

"He's not so prostrate as all that!" Her tone was flippant—partly for the reason that she felt she was not treating Aunt Rose altogether fairly. She knew she ought to let her hear how matters really stood regarding Mr. Maturin's proposal, but if she did the aunt might straightway tell the uncle; and this apprehension kept her silent.

"And then I don't know about Mr. Severn either," grumbled Rose. "His camp had not come in this morning, and he hasn't written. How tiresome you all are!"

Caroline got up. "There is Uncle Francis coming," she said. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go to bed."

She kissed her aunt and flitted from the room, and Rose felt that it was best; Carol's presence only irritated Francis. His relief was patent when he saw his wife alone, though he professed to find a further proof of Caroline's defiance in her having gone to bed so soon.

"She doesn't care a brass farthing

how she treats us," he said. "Little devil! She's not the least upset at having made poor Maturin miserable, and put us out as well, and, though I tell you I talked to her pretty straight this evening, I might as well have saved my breath, for all the impression I appear to have made on her. The girl's got no feelings whatever."

At the moment, though she did not say so, Rose half-believed that Francis must be right—Carol seemed so cold, so callous, so completely unaffected by Mr. Maturin's presumed distress, her uncle's angry disappointment, and his ultimatum. But Rose had not been present at the interview between her husband and his niece, and she did not know how far the scene had gone—indeed, Francis did not realize himself how unmerciful his words had been, how sharply they had stung and wounded.

There is a point in mental hurt beyond which capacity for suffering will cease, and Caroline had felt her spirit shrink to numbness, and her heart had hardened till nothing in the present, past, or future seemed to matter. She advanced into her room with lagging steps; she could hear the voice of Francis expostulating in the drawing-room, and, though his words were not distinguishable, she knew they were concerned with her. But it gave her satisfaction to think she had annoyed him so acutely. The room felt cold, the oil-lamps on the wall were burning low; she shivered, yet she wanted air. She threw a wrap about her shoulders, and, crossing to the doors that led on to the side verandah, she drew the curtains back and opened them, then went down the steps and out into the dimness of a starry night.

A chill vapor hung in the atmosphere, shrubs, and trees, and the long, low outline of the servants' quarters showed faintly in the ashy light; the orange grove looked black, impenetra-

ble, and the garden seemed to slumber. The broken brick that was spread around the bungalow hurt her feet in their little satin shoes, and she sat down on the steps. But the silence and the solitude oppressed rather than refreshed her, and when she breathed in odors from the pots of English flowers, mignonette, and violets, and stocks, that bordered the verandah, their sweetness pierced her spirit, wrenching from her all the hard insensibility that hitherto had held and bound her heart.

(*To be continued.*)

In helpless abandonment she crouched against the steps and cried, miserably, feeling desolate, defenceless, and a failure; her energy, her confidence, had gone, self-pity overwhelmed her.

She did not hear quick footsteps on the broken brick nor the creaking of a lantern carried; she only looked up, frightened and confused, when a voice called out in Hindustani, "Who is that?"

She knew at once that it was Mr. Severn's voice.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WAR.

AT ETON

The school year which is now drawing to a close will be marked in the annals of Eton by the absence of some public events. The summer half has flowed on without its great interruptions. The Fourth of June was remarkable only for the emptiness of field and street; the match at Lord's has been abandoned, and a single day's cricket at Winchester will be the final contest of the Eleven; the race at Henley has been reminiscent of the days of our grandfathers. And yet, within the circle of our private custom, in spite of the sudden withdrawal of the senior boys and the early ascendency of their successors, how gently has the daily repetition of work and play softened the edges of last autumn's excitement!

For when I walk round the Playing-fields on a half-holiday, there is now an irony in the scene which cuts sharply at times through all other emotions and prompts the question: *Is this so? Is this the real life around me, and the war an evil dream?* What could be more peaceful to the eye and ear? The calm succession of overs,

the punctual and leisurely crossing of the fieldsmen to and fro, the pleasant cries of triumph from the younger boys in distant games, the stillness of Nature through the warm afternoon, all these are what they have been year by year. Is this the great school in mourning for over three hundred of her sons? Two boys pass me in grave discussion, and I gather that someone's chances of his Upper Sixpenny are less than they were. A few minutes later some small friends engage me in talk. Apparently the result of one of the junior matches has been so unexpected as to throw all former calculations into confusion. Very soon I have forgotten all else myself, absorbed in the living enthusiasm of my young informants; and I know that this is the very soul of Eton, living unshaken and apart, gathering unconscious strength for battle in the fields of peace. On the river, too, and at Athens and Cuckoo Weir no evil thing has chilled the boys' delight or disturbed the paradise of their play. And there, too, the muscles are hardening, and there, too, are born the happiness and courage which may one day be

stronger than death. Youth still pipes and sings, and the raging of nations does but suggest a fresh theme for his song. There may now be a keener interest in the development of aeroplane and submarine; but this is nothing but the intensifying of an instinct implanted in all boys. And they may now gaze more delightedly at the illustrated papers because here their old curiosity is fed and the shock of armies is presented as a spectacle of chemical or mechanical skill.

We with older eyes scan the record of war's horrors and feel they may scarcely be mentioned in the presence of those who see only the glorious vision. Private losses may not wholly subdue our thoughts amid the imperious clamor of the public life of school. From bitter news of breakfast we pass into pupl-room to decide the trivial suits of the day, to deal with belated work and perhaps to display irritation over the repeated violation of a grammatical rule. For here, as out of doors, the energies of childhood are little disturbed by the rumors of war. The work has to be done expeditiously, and the stern fight for freedom is waged with pens and books. The Caesar lesson may call forth a comical groan at the Hunnish behavior of Arioivistus, or a modern military term may touch to brighter life the tactics of Xenophon, or Zeppelins may be strangely dressed in Latin verse. But such coloring of the work is only the fine dust carried over land and sea from some far volcano and falling in close or garden where no tremor has been felt. It has its counterpart in the short-lived chatter of protest after chapel against the hymn in which God has been invoked to bless "the Fatherland." Such incidental topics are springs of momentary laughter and interest, no more nor less than the rumored invention by a science master

of a bomb that is to end the war. Yet it is true that in school their occurrence makes many a dry spot green again. Our old friend the Chersonese has once more set the nations by the ears; ancient cities of Asia Minor stir in their sleep; and Beersheba, unready and half ashamed, blinks foolishly beneath a fresh blaze of admiration from the eyes of English boys. In the higher forms the revolution of the wheel of history secures a studious attention, and those who are about to leave are ready to talk gravely of England's past and future, and have recognized, in the great crisis of their life now at hand, the sovereign worth of character beyond all physical and intellectual endowments; but such speech as this is reserved for private conference; nothing during the year has left a happier impression than the total absence of blatant patriotism or foolish triumph. Even the increased work of the officers' training corps has been rendered as a matter of course; the half-holiday on Thursday lost its games so simply and quietly that there seemed to have been no change at all; masters who had retired returned, and were at once the familiar figures in uniform; and others, who had never thought to carry arms, stepped into the ranks, and were soon, as officers, filling the gaps caused by the absence of younger colleagues. For the staff is now without its youth, and a wider interval is left between man and boy, bridged perhaps with stronger sympathy and a closer sense of union, but none the less reminding us daily of what we owe to the livelier spirits of those who still see so clearly, the many features of boyhood which are more and more dimly discerned in middle age. And already there is inscribed on our roll of honor the name of a young tutor who had kindled many a flame by his enthusiasm and originality and promised to be a leader

in education. His fierce ardor carried him to the front in the first hours of the war. He lives with us in the stories of his wonderful activity in the trenches and of his influence with his men; and the tricolor, recaptured by him from the German lines, hangs proudly in the school library, the treasured trophy of his impetuous courage.

The boys who are shortly going to Sandhurst or to regiments in the new army have taken advantage of special instruction in signalling and other military sciences; and, now that the army examination is over, two shifts go to work at the munitions factory at Slough. "It will be rather fun," they say; and they would dislike nothing more than any attempt to advertise this offering of their time or to hear it belauded in the language of the cheap patriot. In the same natural spirit has been given the friendly kindness of all to the Belgian boys who have been domiciled in Eton. Their different dress and language and habits attracted some special attention at first, but have long since been accepted as normal features of the school. To these new-comers the liberty of English education at first seemed incredible. They have now drunk deep of its delights, have caught our manners and speech, and have rowed for long afternoons on our river; and already their possible usefulness in the football sides of next half is matter for common discussion.

War may shake cities and empires, but at school the study of history has so firmly linked it with our traditional love of duty that the day's routine seems fitted to the times and more manly and decent than ever. There is no self-consciousness in its performance, but the lines of ordinary business come out more sharply. Everyone must do his best, though there is no need to change custom and law. School, chapel, drill, play—here is the

hallowed alternation of obedience and liberty, the loom on which has been woven the robe of noblest manhood. The many-colored scene of *absence*, the din of bells at lock-up, the lists on the cricket notice-board and the scramble to see them, the lists of heats in Spottiswoode's window and the talk of best and worst station, the lessons learnt in the school library, the shouting for lower boys in the houses—all are the same. And on all of this is set the seal of sanction by old Etonians who return from the blood and smoke of battle, and win rest in the familiar scenes, and bless with outspoken joy "for their brethren and companions' sake" the peace of their true home. "This is all right," they say; "How splendid to find everything going on just the same!" And no one who has seen the light in their eyes, as they speak, could ever wish to bring across it even the smallest cloud of disappointment. "What? No Harrow match? Why on earth not?" Then, after hearing the official explanation: "Why, what *has* the war got to do with it?" Nothing can satisfy their wonder at this strangest thing of all. We who are leading our ordinary lives may sometimes be aware of a momentary doubt as to the feelings of these heroes when they come suddenly into the midst of our comforts and pleasures from the jaws of death. But they stride away, like Achilles in the asphodel meadow, delighted to hear that all is well, and they leave with us fresh courage and faith drawn from their presence.

The old Etonians are the messengers who pass to and fro between this world of happy dreams and the terrible realities which they have seen and heard. They are the living proof of the existence of war. But they bring with them no shadow or chill. Their radiant confidence would put to shame any pessimist if they found him

here, though they talk quite simply of the facts and never minimize the gravity of the conflict. Many who were playing in the house matches last year have returned wounded, or on leave, the pride and admiration of their friends and the pattern to all alike of what all must now be, travellers along the only road to manhood. Even death is spoken of without reserve. It is the ordinary chance, the counted cost, the price willingly paid. Every day the boys still at school, as they pass into chapel, see the long roll of Etonians who have fallen, and the thought that shapes itself most distinctly is this: *We share their honor.* And those who have given their lives for us can wish for no brighter crown for their deeds than this piety inspired in their younger brothers. The angel of death comes not here in black shrouds to move terror and tears, but rather as Milton's great seraph walking through Eden, mantled and zoned in regal ornament and "colors" dipt in heaven," bringing word to man of the prowess of the warrior sons of God. With splendid pride does Eton honor the memory of her children, and she gives the stately answer to her comforters, *Idcirco generam.* More humble are the prayers of boy and master on Wednesday evening, when an informal service is held in chapel; more nearly then do we know the worth of the lives which are in danger, and more anxious is our litany as we ask the Father to keep our loved ones in His care. Then it is that the boys think tenderly of fathers and brothers fighting, and of mothers and sisters working, and are brought face to face with the grave peril to their homes. But such thoughts are hidden in the inmost shrine of their hearts; though sometimes the smaller boys, after the receipt of good news, give vent to their glory. "Sir! my father is called a

colonel in the list of addresses, and he is really a brigadier-general!" "Sir! my uncle and cousin have both got a D. S. O., and mother says another cousin ought to have had it."

There are two sides to the picture; and at Eton the brighter side is seen. No one who lives here would wish to turn the colors to the wall. Buoyant against all depression the young life of England leaps to its ideals, and the fairest promise shines in the mirth and gaiety which attend the rush of boys from school even when the chapel bell tolls at noon. It is this joy which gives them the unquenchable spirit and lights their eyes with fearless honor in the day of battle. "Children in play," they are "lions in fight," and their inspiration is drawn in the royal garden of lilles where they lift up their hearts in the spring-time of life.

A. B. Ramsay.

AT HARROW.

When Harrow broke up for the summer holiday of 1914—three days earlier than had been intended, owing to a plague of mumps—there was no sign which could be read as preluding a storm. Foreign ministers and ambassadors we know now were exchanging anxious notes, but this was below the surface. Had the term run to its natural end, the school would have read the news of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, on its various train-journeys—or would have skipped it to search for something more comprehensible to the boy mind. A week or so later we were at war. By the time the school bell rang again, the great retreat had run almost all its course and the German armies were pressing on Paris: and the school which had dispersed in what was seemingly profound peace gathered again in the throb and restless anxiety of the worst period of the war.

That took away one opportunity of seeing the impression made. Almost everyone had been away from the Hill: individually every boy had looked on at the outbreak, and watched the stir of preparation: on his return each had stories to tell of what he had seen, and tales—often, it must be said, wild ones—of what he had heard in his own neighborhood. Yet, as a school and a corporate whole, Harrow did not experience, any more than any other English school, the sensation of “going to war”; it came back to life under war conditions so acute, so swiftly changing, and so menacing that years seemed to have passed instead of eight weeks, and one wondered, as the train brought one back, whether Harrow could be the same. And on walking up the hill it was almost a shock to find no obvious change in the familiar surroundings.

For indeed busybodies had buzzed in our ears of many things: “A whole division of troops was quartered in Harrow—were encamped on the football field, and had cut down hundreds of trees; the houses would all be requisitioned for Red Cross hospitals; trenches were being dug and the hill fortified as part of the defences of London; troops were using all the school buildings; the school would probably not reassemble—could not possibly reassemble.” Such things flew wildly about till the Head Master wrote to *The Times* to say that the school would assemble on the proper day; at which discharge the whole tribe of ducks flopped down dead, and the sky was cleared.

Post-mortem examination among these wild-fowl revealed some curious enterprises and perversions. There was the (self-appointed) organizer of hospitals who had been promised a variety of things ending up with “50 beds and one single sheet”: there was

the hasty clearing out of speech-room for troops (who never used it), and the provision of a hundred buckets to serve as washstands there (the buckets are now standing about houses filled with anti-Zeppelin sand, and one hopes they may never see fight in this capacity either); the fortifications never existed; and the “hundreds of trees” turned out to be a most ingenious effort of misconstruction. Troops were using the footer field—that was true. It was true also that the philathletic field (on the other side of the hill) was being enlarged to give more space for cricket, and to do this it was necessary to remove the so-called “Fifty” trees—trees planted by members of past elevens who have made a score of fifty or more in a school match to commemorate the exploit. Rumor supplied the rest. No. 1: “I hear they have moved the ‘Fifty’ trees; yes, and there are a lot of soldiers on the football field.” No. 2: “Troops are in Harrow, and they’ve cut down fifty trees.” No. 3: “The troops have cut down fifty trees—over fifty trees—nearly a hundred trees — hundreds of trees.” Still, among these imaginings, there was the fact that there had been a Division at Harrow, and its fortunes brought home the grim realities of war. It was the Fourth Division: it left Harrow suddenly on Saturday August 22, and its next appearance was recorded in Sir John French’s first famous despatch, thus:

“The 4th Division commenced its detrainment at Le Cateau on Sunday the 23rd, and by the morning of the 25th eleven battalions and a brigade of artillery with divisional staff were available for service. I ordered General Snow to move out to take up a position with his right south of Solesmes, his left resting on the Cambrai-Le Cateau road. In this position the Division rendered great help to the effective retirement of the

Second and First Corps to the new position."

At Harrow on Saturday: on Tuesday and on Wednesday—"the most critical day of all," as Sir John French called it—in the thick of the fighting: so swiftly does modern war move.

To this, then, the school returned—to take up again its familiar round, and to consider how it stood. Outwardly, the change was not great. There was no rush into the corps, for the sufficient reason that before the outbreak of war 470 out of 500 boys were already in the corps: the remainder naturally came in, and the recruits for the time presented a strange mixture of the very new with the gleanings of the old. Of course the work of the corps increased and prospered with a new keenness. A good many places were indeed vacant; boys who normally would have had another year in front of them were now with the Colors; one familiar military figure had gone, since Captain Begouen de Meaux had been recalled to command the 8th Chasseurs; the gymnasium was deserted, its naval superintendent, Lieutenant Coote, and his staff of instructors, having all been requisitioned by the Navy; other masters, hitherto civilian, were now seen in khaki. There came a reminder of how short the country was of equipment when all our rifles were taken from us and we were left with a few carbines, later reinforced with wooden dummies—we still have them—and when ammunition even for the miniature range began to run dry. We went through the usual round of early excitements—maps gaily beflagged, charts of ships with the losses recorded on either side, bulletins posted upon novel notice-boards, homeless Belgians bewildered with school-boy French, and taken in, provided, and cared for with amazing efficiency;

comforts for the troops, literature for the Fleet, collections and subscriptions, information and instruction—some of it pointed and seasonable, and some less conspicuously so—of such volume that few had much time to consider what they did think, since most of their time was taken up with listening to what they were told they ought to think. None of these things indeed were peculiar to boys at school: every newspaper is prepared to provide its readers with ready-made opinions. But what was private and personal was the ever-increasing weekly casualty list; each Sunday the words, "The following old Harrovians have laid down their lives for their country, . . ." came like the toll of a bell. To some there would come back memories of old times, of games played and matches won, "days in the distance enchanted"; but to most boys in the school these dead comrades were but names, heard in this solemn fashion for the first time—and the last. For life at school is short, and generations pass quickly—as they do outside, just now.

A further sense of the Great Comradeship, which spreads over the schoolfellowship of every school that is worth the name, is stirred by the records of what its old members have done and are doing. When the war broke out Harrovians could reflect that a good many sides of the nation's life, whether peaceful or warlike, were under Harrovian care. A Harrow man was Archbishop of Canterbury, another First Lord of the Admiralty, another Secretary of State for India, another Viceroy of India, another Governor of the Bank of England; and the peerage granted to Lord Cunliffe shows how valuable were his services there at the time of financial strain—and yet another, and this one the president of the Harrow Association, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, Com-

mander of the Second Army Corps in the British Expeditionary Force. In July, Sir Horace had presided at the Triennial Dinner of the Association, and he had devoted his speech to urging on us the necessity of enlarging and strengthening our Army and to pressing on his old schoolfellow the privilege of serving either in the Regular forces or the Territorials. Neither he nor his audience realized then how close at hand was the day. But neither President nor his schoolfellow failed when the day came, as two facts out of many will show. The first is the opinion of Sir John French in his first despatch:

"I cannot close the brief account of this glorious stand of the British troops without putting on record my deep appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. I say without hesitation that the saving of the left wing of the army under my command on the morning of the 26th August could not have been accomplished unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present to personally conduct the operations."

And the second is the fact that the number of Old Harrovians known to be serving or to have served with the Colors is 2,087: there are doubtless many others we have not been able to trace, but let it stand at that. Remembering that there are only about 6,000 living old Harrovians, of whom somewhere about a half are over military age and debarred from beginning service now; and recalling the number who are in civil Government employ, the proportion who have come forward to serve, the list of the high posts they have held, the distinctions they have won in the shape of V.C.s D.S.O.s, D.C.M.s, Legion of Honor, and promotions for Field Service, may well make Harrow proud of her sons, alive and dead. For over a hundred and fifty have already won the highest honor of

all: they have died for their country.

When one comes to the school itself, one may say briefly that it is going on steadily, cheerfully, and confidently making ready for the time when school is to end and service is to begin. There is scarcely a boy who has left since the war began who has not gone into His Majesty's forces in some shape or other—excepting those unhappy ones whom the doctor will not pass. Some of these have managed to bamboozle Medicus—but probably Medicus was a sportsman too. The rest wait—somewhat impatiently—the approach of eighteen. They look forward till the time comes to put their unofficial motto into action, to "follow up." Meantime they have willingly given of their money much, and of their free time much: two afternoons a week extra have been devoted to corps work without any remission of school, and it is hard work. Say what you may, the routine of drill and long route marches on hot dusty roads do become wearisome: failures mean fault-finding, and that is not pleasant either: firing imaginary blank cartridge out of a wooden rifle is apt to seem a child's play: on the other hand trench-digging in Harrow clay is not. It would be absurd to pretend that every one always enjoys these things. The point is that though they are not enjoyable and often not enjoyed they are done methodically and cheerfully. And after all it is a high sense of duty which carries boys or men faithfully through long dull training without weapons.

Perhaps to one who has seen it from inside, the most striking and satisfactory feature of all is the way in which the younger ones have filled the places which the elders left unexpectedly vacant. More than most people realize, Harrow is a collection of federal states: it is made up of a number of groups—the houses—each-

under the supreme authority of the school, yet in its own concerns autonomous, and living under the rule of its leading boys—its "Sixth-Formers." When the war came there was a sudden departure of leaders: not only leaders *in esse*, but leaders *in posse*, the boys each housemaster marks down in his mind "for next year." Authority and responsibility, the business of head of house, and captaining house elevens had to be passed down—in many cases to boys who when they went home in July never dreamed they would be in high place in September. Yet this sudden brief authority—for of course changes have been incessant—has been universally well used and, what was a far higher test of the mass, well respected. It is not altogether easy to put a new and untried boy into unexpected office, much less easy for him to rise to the place; and hardest of all for those, recently his bear-fighting and irresponsible equals to remember he is no longer what he was, and that, as Bacon says, "When he sits in place he is another man." But that this capacity of rising to the occasion both in rulers and ruled, this spirit of continuing to govern itself in spite of difficulties by what E. E. B. once called "glorified convention," has been conspicuously shown, no one who has seen the working of Harrow in the past year will question. And for this we may add the words with which each Founders' Day we end our commemoration of *all* Benefactors to the school—"Let us give thanks."

The Cornhill Magazine.

Of the dead this is no place to speak. Some have shone by exceptional deeds—such as Rhodes-Moorhouse and Walford. Of some there have come back pathetic and touching memories—as of Verner of the Shropshire Light Infantry, killed all alone in an advanced trench whence he had sent away his men as it was too dangerous for them, while he himself remained to give warning of any attack. His men begged for pennies from his money as a souvenir because "he was the bravest man we ever saw, and we would have followed him anywhere." Some treasured here as ideals of what boys should be—such as Arthur Lang and Geoffrey Hopley. Two more missing and it is feared dead, both of them adopted sons of the school and loyal servants of it, Ronald Lagden who, as he said, "went out to play Rugby football with bayonets," and Charles Werner of whom his commanding officer wrote: "I have not seen his equal for untiring keenness"—but when one begins such a chronicle it is not possible to select with justice. Of some we know the story; of others we have no more than the record of a death in action—

"Here on the marshland, past the
battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely
sown,
Here, with his comrades of the hard-
won ridge,
He rests unknown."

but of all, wherever and in whatever form Death came to them, we are sure that they died well.

George Townsend Warner.

RUPERT BROOKE.*

"A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of
strife,

* "Poems." By Rupert Brooke. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1911.) 2s. 6d. "1914 and other Poems." By Rupert Brooke. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 1915.) 2s. 6d.

Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life."

In the first throes of anguish which every man who knew the poet experienced on hearing that Rupert

Brooke was dead it seemed incredible that one so absolutely the incarnation of youth and spring could have vanished from us for ever; but later this feeling gave way to another which will probably remain as the more lasting; it now seems equally impossible that he could ever have lived; he was almost too good to be true; he was certainly one of those whom the gods love, εὐφύης καὶ εὐμαθής.

The son of a house-master at Rugby, he was himself educated there, and was successful both as a youthful poet and as an athlete, for he gained his colors for cricket and football in addition to winning the school English Verse Prize. In after years at King's College, Cambridge, he took a second class in the Classical Tripos, and was elected to a fellowship as the result of a thesis on Webster.

Deciding to travel, he was led by the spirit of Stevenson "across the plains" to the South Sea Islands, and wrote vivid prose impressions which were printed in the *Westminster Gazette*; he eventually returned with the idea of settling down at the old Vicarage, Grantchester, in order to lecture to undergraduates of his University; the war put a stop to this, however, and he joined the Royal Naval Division instead, underwent the horrors of Antwerp, came back unscathed, and after a short training at Blandford was sent out to the Dardanelles. Early in April he contracted sunstroke; septicemia then mysteriously set in, and he died aboard a French hospital ship on Shakespeare's supposed death-day, and lies buried in the island of Lemnos, the greatest poet of his time. It reads like legend; it is so exactly what each of us would have demanded of our fairy godmother had we had the chance.

That nothing should be denied him, to his great intellectual gifts were added an exceptional charm of manner and beauty of form. This bodily beauty had, I think, a direct influence on his work. In common with many thinking men of his age (he was only twenty-seven when he died), he lived in a state of continual protest against the merely pretty; he was in deadly fear of falling into a flattered literary career, of winning fame as one more beautiful poet of beautiful themes, so he ran counter to the accepted tradition into violence and coarseness for salvation. The same tendency may with equal certainty be traced in the work of Masefield, Cannan, D. H. Lawrence, and Wilfrid Gibson.

The temptation to generalize on this point is insidious but futile; I will, however, attempt to sum up in one sentence what I believe to be the guiding principle of the twentieth-century poet with regard to this: "A thing is not necessarily beautiful because the majority think it to be so; the only way to arrive at a sense of real beauty is to cast out fear, become an iconoclast, to prove all things, and to hold fast that which we find to be good."

The result of such a point of view on the world can easily be imagined; strange labels are attached by the conventional critic to the poetry which makes him uncomfortable, to the work which he cannot understand. Cannan is alliteratively styled cynic, Lawrence bourgeois, Masefield blasphemous, and Brooke hard, savage, realistic, loveless. "Shamelessly undodgy," said Henry James of the younger generation. It is worth while seeing how far this applies to Rupert Brooke.

He will write you a sonnet on "Dawn" starting with the arresting line—

"Opposite me two Germans snore and sweat,"

written in the train between Bologna and Milan, second-class; he describes the windows, slimy-wet with a night's fetor, the age-long night in the stuffy, foul carriage, the effect on his companions—

"One of them wakes and spits and sleeps again."

In "Wagner" he pictures the effect of music on the fat, greasy sensualist—

"The music swells. His gross legs quiver. . . ."

And all the while, in perfect time,
His pendulous stomach hangs a-shaking."

"Menelaus and Helen" almost ranks with "Troilus and Cressida" as a gross attack on all that we hold most precious in legend and myth. No Darby and Joan about this famous pair when they fall into the sere and yellow leaf—

"Often he wonders why on earth he went

Troyward, or why poor Paris ever came.

Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent;

Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name.

So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
And Paris slept on by Scamander side."

Even more famous are his "Channel Passage," with its physically-disgusting descriptions of the seasick lover, and "Jealousy," where we are shown unlovely love-making grown old.

To Brooke it was hypocrisy to restrain the direct expression of himself out of consideration for others. This side of his work is important as reflecting the natural ebullition of youthful spirits. Mr. Harold Monroe calls all these poems "jokes"; a good joke, he says, is, after all, more stimulating than the best piece of ad-

vice. It is the most necessary thing for a poet to be able to laugh well. His principal failing seems to have been a sort of fear lest he should be taken seriously. If he thought he had loved too well he would laugh away his feelings in a horrible poem like "Jealousy" or "Ambarvalia."

In point of fact, despite Henry James's label of "shamelessly undodgy" as applied to the youthful poets of to-day as if it were a new thing, not one of these poems in conception is new at all. I know that it is commonly accepted that the genius of the twentieth century owns to no masters in his craft; he must be above all things a pioneer, hacking his way ruthlessly through virgin jungle; but Rupert Brooke, at any rate, is in this entirely at variance with his contemporaries. What makes his work shine so far beyond that of any other man of his age is just this characteristic: he does lean upon two giants, John Webster and John Donne, great geniuses both, but each, unfortunately for his reputation, overshadowed by a greater man. Webster is only second to Shakespeare in tragic intensity; Donne is only not the finest poet of the seventeenth century because Milton happened to live about the same time.

Neither man is even yet recognized at his true worth, although Charles Lamb did his best for the one, and Browning for the other.

In Webster, Rupert Brooke found realism—there are passages in "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi" much more shamelessly undodgy than anything in Brooke—vigor, and an intellect as scintillating as his own, a writer whose thoughts toppled over pell-mell into a wealth of simile and metaphor as sane and apt as those of Shakespeare and Arnold, an exuberance of beauty made all the more conspicuous by the brusque, harsh, un-

musical lines that compassed it about, a genius so audacious that he could afford, like Shakespeare in his famous five "nevers" in "King Lear," to rise to those heights of sublimity that are so perilously near the ridiculous as to make us shiver with apprehension while we read, only to thrill with ecstasy afterwards when we realize that the dramatist has o'ertopped man's expectations and for a moment given us a glimpse into the unknown. Everyone knows the lines—

VITTORIA. I am lost for ever.
BRACHIANO. How miserable a thing it
is to die
'Mongst women howling.

or the—

"I have caught an everlasting cold:
I have lost my voice most irre-
coverably,"

in "The Duchess of Malfi."

Rupert Brooke owed much to a dramatist whose sureness of touch could lead him to write the line that has been said to be the high-water mark of Romanticism:

"Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she
died young,"

to a man who could heap horror on horror, gloomy fatalism on melancholic madness, and yet know that he was one of those rare spirits who had achieved the supreme ideal of tragedy in purging the emotions by terror and pity.

You can trace quite easily all these different facets of Webster's craft in Rupert Brooke's work, but his allegiance to John Donne was even more loyal, his debt infinitely greater.

When in the fulness of time justice is done to the burning vitality, the clarity of vision, the fertility of imagination, the amazing intellectual versatility, the heightened humor, and the true sense of beauty pervading all Brooke's work, then and then only will the part that Donne played in the

making of Rupert Brooke be adequately understood.

What drove Brooke to Donne was, of course, his recognition of the similarity of their tastes; just as the Victorians saw nothing in Donne because he was as diametrically opposed to their point of view as Samuel Butler and Meredith were, so any individual man or clique will, in spite of Ruskin's advice, try to find inspiration in the genius to whom he or it most naturally approximates. Though this is a truism, it needs saying; for there is every likelihood of some such absurd myth as the following becoming part of the stock-in-trade of Brooke's critics.

Donne's first published poem was written while serving in the Royal Naval Division under the Earl of Essex before Cadiz, and is dedicated to a Cambridge man whose name was Brooke: "a unique coincidence with scarcely a parallel in the world of letters. This is what drove the Brooke of 1914 to Donne!" Of course it is unique; all coincidences are; but it is most decidedly not what drove Rupert to John. Rupert Brooke is simply John Donne come to life again, a reincarnation. We are told by Professor Grierson that Donne's intense individuality was always eager to find a North-west passage of its own, pressed its curious and sceptical questioning into every corner of love and life and religion, explored unsuspected depths, exploited new discovered paradoxes, and turned its discoveries always into poetry of the closely-packed artificial style which was all his own. Here is a poem of Brooke's called "Heaven":—

"Fish (fly-replete, in depth of June,
Dawdling away their wat'ry noon)
Ponder deep wisdom, dark or clear,
Each secret fishy hope or fear.
Fish say, they have their Stream and
Pond:

But is there anything Beyond? . . .
We darkly know, by Faith we cry,

The Future is not Wholly Dry. . . .
But somewhere, beyond Space and
Time,
Is wetter water, slimier slime. . . .
Unfading moths, immortal flies,
And the worm that never dies.
And in that Heaven of all their wish,
There shall be no more land, say fish."

Doesn't this exactly fit the criticism applied to Donne? Here, too, are what Doctor Johnson called "the quaint conceits" and "the blasphemous obscenity of the metaphysical school." "Almost too clever," says Gilbert Murray, "to be poetry at all"; there is in this that astringency which we associate with ammonia in the bath; we find it in Donne, Meredith, Swift, Browning, Dryden, Pope, Churchill, Byron, Butler, and Burns (a mere handful of names) and practically nowhere else in English literature. To label it as satire and merely to leave it at that is to miss half the point of it. It is worth noting that Donne, too, had looked not at Heaven but at Love from the fish's point of view in a parody of Marlowe's exquisite "Come live with me and be my love," for it but adds a fresh rivet to my theory of debts and reincarnation.

It has also been said of Donne that he burst passionately and rudely into the enclosed garden of sentiment and illusion, pulling up the gay-colored tangled weeds that choked thoughts, planting the seeds of fresh invention. Where his forerunners had been idealists, epicurean, or adoring, he was brutal, cynical, and immutably realist.

"How can we find? How can we rest?
How can
We, being gods, find joy, or peace,
being man?
We, the gaunt zanies of a witless Fate,
Who love the unloving, and the lover
hate,
Forget the moment ere the moment
slips,

Kiss with blind eyes that seek beyond
the lips,
Who want, and know not what we
want, and cry
With crooked mouths for Heaven, and
throw it by."

You can see it in "Kindliness":—
"When Love has changed to kindli-
ness. . . .

That time when all is over, and
Hand never flinches, brushing hand:
And blood lies quiet, for all you're
near;
And it's but spoken words we hear,
Where trumpets sang: when the mere
skies
Are stranger and nobler than your
eyes;
And flesh is flesh, was flame before;
And infinite hungers leap no more
In the chance swaying of your dress."
Or in "The Wayfarers":—

"Each crawling day

Will pale a little your scarlet lips,
each mile
Dull the dear pain of your remembered
face."

In "The Beginning":—

"I'll curse the thing that once you
were,
Because it is changed and pale and old,
(Lips that were scarlet, hair that was
gold)."

The underlying thought in all these comes straight from Donne. I could quote a thousand instances. Here is one:—

"Who would not laugh at me if I
should say

I saw a flash of powder last a day?"

or—

"Changed loves are but changed sorts
of meat:

And when he hath the kernel eat
Who doth not fling away the shell?"

Or, to hark back for a moment to the series which I quoted on Brooke's realism, does not this strike a harmonious chord:—

"And like a bunch of ragged carrots
stand

The short swollen fingers of thy
gouty hand?"

How he huddles a new thought on the one before it, before the first has had time to express itself; how he sees things and analyzes emotions so swiftly and subtly himself that he forgets the slower comprehensions of his readers; how he always trembles on the verge of the inarticulate; how his restless intellect finds new and subtler shades of emotion and thought invisible to other pairs of eyes, and cannot, because speech is modelled on the average of our intelligence, find words to express them. This might be a criticism of Browning; it really is a criticism of Donne, and it exactly describes such a poem of Brooke's as "Dining-room Tea."

But you will have noticed here that a new note has crept in. I have already commented on his fear of becoming the beautiful poet of beautiful themes; he hated most, I imagine, the decadents and their school; but he has another not less awful dread; you see it in "Menelaus and Helen" and in "Kindliness": the thought that he might one day grow old, that a time might conceivably come "when infinite longings leap no more," terrified him.

This constantly recurring obsession would have driven him mad (he was, in common with many other young men of great strength, given to appalling fits of nervous breakdown) had it not been that, like Shakespeare, who was probably as restless as he was, and unlike Milton, who most decidedly was not, he had the saving grace of a sense of humor; I say "saving" advisedly, for I believe that humor is the only antidote known to this form of mental depression.

In the hills north-west of Ottawa, he wrote, there grows a romantic light purple-red flower which is called fireweed, because it is the first vegetation to spring up in the prairie after a fire has passed over, and so might be adopted as the emblematic flower

of a sense of humor. A parable—a piece of pure autobiography. Ever and always you will see in Brooke's poems how fascinating, how explanatory, how wistful and faithful a follower is this will-o'-the-wisp, humor. It brings him back with a jerk from the inane pursuit of the abstract ("there's little comfort in the wise") to the direct simplicity of actualities.

Think how Gray or Collins would have treated this threnody on "The Funeral of Youth":—

Folly went first,
With muffled bells and coxcomb still
revers'd;
And after trod the bearers, hat in
hand—
Laughter, most hoarse, and Captain
Pride with tanned
And martial face all grim, and fussy
Joy,
Who had to catch a train, and *Lust*,
poor, snivelling boy; . . .
The fatherless children, *Color*, *Tune*,
and *Rhyme*,
(The sweet lad *Rhyme*) ran all-un-
comprehending. . . .
Beauty was there,
Pale in her black; dry-eyed; she
stood alone. . . .
Contentment, who had known *Youth* as
a child
And never seen him since. . . .
All, except only *Love*. *Love* had died
long ago."

Webster is here in the line on *Beauty*; Donne, too, the Donne of the general reader, the Donne known of all, the Donne of "a bracelet of bright hair about the bone."

This poem really marks a sharp cleavage in Brooke's work. It appears probable that two schools, widely divergent, are likely to rise in the future: those who pin their faith to the later Brooke and look on all his early work as so much youthful excrecence, a sort of impurity which had to be sweated out before the poet could express the greatness which he undoubtedly had in him but which

perforce lay dormant, weighted under this savage, satiric bent of his; and those who look on his early work as the final expression of his genius, who regard the last poems as a sad falling away into a distorted romanticism consequent upon untoward circumstances.

It all depends upon what exactly you expect to get out of poetry. Most of us would agree that our object in reading it is to ascertain what the seer has to say about the vastly important matters of Death, Beauty, and Love; if Rupert Brooke had nothing strikingly sincere to say about these things he would have no claim, however brilliant his brain-power might be, upon our attention as a great poet.

As it happens, however, he has something poignant, refreshing, and inspiring to say on all these three.

In this part of his work he reminds me of three other geniuses in English literature. He has the same passionate sense of rhythm and beauty that Marlowe had, the same tendency to extravagant hyperbole, as can be seen at once in a poem like "Mummia":—

"Helen's the hair shuts out from me
Verona's livid skies;
Gypsy the lips I press; and see

"Two Antonyms in your eyes,"
the same unlawful desires to pry into the hidden recesses even at the risk of losing his own soul; the same love of words for words' sake only.

It is not because of the fortuitous accident of dying young and in Greece, nor because he was inordinately fond of swimming in the dark, that he reminds me of Byron; he was possessed by the same exuberant and defiantly adventurous spirit, the same protesting passion of revolt, and the same delight in real existence:

"I shall desire and I shall find
The best of my desires;
The autumn road, the mellow wind
That soothes the darkening shires.
And laughter, and inn-fires."

His claim to be called the Shelley of our day, as John Drinkwater calls him, is less obvious; there is no doubt, however, that he had in him much of that clear, ethereal vision that so endears Shelley to us, much of that intellectual hypersensitiveness peculiar to Shelley which acts as so strong and biting an antidote to sentimentalism in thought and melodious facility in writing; there are, moreover, times when we feel that had Rupert Brooke lived he could have left just such another poem as "The Cenci." But the Shelleyan influence is most noticeable in two Sonnets dealing with the Beyond:—

"Not with vain tears, when we're beyond the sun,
We'll beat on the substantial doors,
nor tread
Those dusty high-roads of the aimless dead
Plaintive for Earth; but rather turn
and run
Down some close-covered by-way of
the air,
Some low sweet alley between wind
and wind,
Stoop under faint gleams, thread the
shadows, find
Some whispering ghost-forgotten nook,
and there
Spend in pure converse our eternal
day; . . ."

In another Sonnet he compares the Dead to Clouds:—

"I think they ride the calm mid-heaven, as these,
In wise majestic melancholy train,
And watch the moon, and the still
raging seas,
And men, coming and going on the
earth."

When the war broke out he began naturally to write more and more about Death; he felt certain that he was not to be permitted to return alive, and he has left behind a series of Sonnets which threaten to become his best-known work, so often have they been quoted of late:—

"War knows no power. Safe shall be
my going,
Secretly armed against all death's
endeavor:
Safe though all safety's lost; safe
where men fall;
And if these poor limbs die, safest of
all."

Even here he has not forgotten his master; the Sonnet is almost a direct plagiarism from Donne:—

"Who is so safe as we?"

In another he begins characteristically:—

"Now, God be thanked Who has
matched us with His hour,
To turn . . . glad from a world grown
old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honor could
not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs
and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love."

You see what a hold this early hatred of false love keeps on a man of fastidious delicacy like Brooke. There is a touch reminiscent of Shelley's "love's sad satiety" in the comparison of love's emptiness with the dirty, dreary songs of half-men.

But by far his most famous War Sonnet is "The Soldier," which recalls exactly Masefield's verse about those who

"Died (uncouthly, most) in foreign
lands
For some idea, but dimly understood,
Of an English city never built by
hands,
Which love of England prompted and
made good."
"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is for ever England. There
shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust
concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped,
made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her
ways to roam,

A body of England's, breathing
English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns
of home . . ."

It has been said that in this poem he fell a victim to that very romanticism which he so detested; a notable successor of Donne's at St. Paul's has commented adversely on the "materialism" underlying the thought; it has also been described as infinitely the most inspired poem written since August, 1914. I do not know; we are, perhaps, a little too near the big event to be able to judge calmly or rationally of the lasting power of war poetry. What there can be no possible doubt about is the beauty of the conception and the perfection of the execution. The very repetition of the word "England" here is like the repetition of a majestic chord in a peculiarly fine piece of music. It should be noted, however, that his love of country found expression in "Grantchester" as long ago as 1912, and at the very beginning of the war he wrote in a prose essay in the *New Statesman*:—

"The word 'England' seems to flash
like a line of foam."

But for myself I must confess that I prefer "The Treasure," which is comparatively unknown, to any of the five Sonnets:—

"When color goes home into the eyes,
And lights that shine are shut again
With dancing girls and sweet birds'
cries
Behind the gateways of the brain;
And that no-place which gave them
birth, shall close
The rainbow and the rose:—

Musing upon them; as a mother, who
Has watched her children all the rich
day through,
Sits, quiet-handed, in the fading light,
When children sleep, ere night."

This poem is all the more precious when we compare it with his no less

beautiful but more juvenile description of the orthodox Heaven:—

"All the great courts were quiet in
the sun,
And full of vacant echoes: moss had
grown
Over the glassy pavement, and begun
To creep within the dusty council-halls.
An idle wind blew round an empty
throne
And stirred the heavy curtains on the
walls."

Or contrast it with that restrained, agonizing cry (so like T. E. Brown's "Dora") in "The Vision of the Archangels":—

"(Yet, you had fancied, God could
never
Have bidden a child turn from the
spring and the sunlight,
And shut him in that lonely shell, to
drop for ever
Into the emptiness and silence, into
the night). . . .
God's little pitiful Body lying, worn
and thin,
And curled up like some crumpled,
lonely flower-petal. . . ."

He seems to have cast off that preciousness so dear to the heart of the intellectual young graduate, that hard brilliance which almost becomes synonymous with soullessness; his beauty becomes deeper and more mellow with advancing years; the outspokenly sensual and cruelly cynical stage with him, as with Donne, was not lasting; it just marked the stage of transition from scintillating coruscations of wit to the tranquil heights of recollected emotions made trebly more tender by the calm peacefulness that permeates them; now indeed does he feed on thoughts that voluntarily move harmonious numbers.

You see it in "The Charm":—

"You, asleep,
In some cool room that's open to the
night
Lying half-forward, breathing quietly,
One white hand on the white

Unrumped sheet, and the ever-moving
hair

Quiet and still at length."

You see it in "Day that I have Loved":—

"From the inland meadows,
Fragrant of June and clover, floats the
dark, and fills
The hollow sea's dead face with little
creeping shadows,
And the white silence brims the hollow
of the hills."

But you see it most of all in "Grantchester," the one poem by which the poet was generally known before the war:—

"Just now the lilac is in bloom,
All before my little room;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink;
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow. . . .
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer
through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides be-
neath, . . .

Du lieber Gott!

Here am I, sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked
flesh. . . .

εἴθε γενοίμης . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantches-
ter!— . . .

Oh, is the water sweet and cool,
Gentle and brown, above the pool?
And laughs the immortal river still
Under the mill, under the mill?
Say, is there Beauty yet to find?
And Certainty? and Quiet kind? . . ."

This exquisite cameo, this perfect setting of an English landscape, this final expression of a passionate local patriotism, is one of those poems the fate of which is absolutely sure. It enters into that select list which contains "L'Allegro," "Fancy," "Corinna," and "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay." Here is the seeing eye, the inevitable word, the god speaking

through the lips of man; it is true magic, gossamer-like, almost unbelievably beautiful. It makes one get a faint glimmering of what that critic meant who said that had it not been for Keats we should have had no Brooke. If the process of pruning on which I touched at the beginning of this paper enables a man to rebuild his conceptions of beauty as effectively as this, from henceforward I belong to the iconoclasts.

I come now to my final stage, the discussion of Brooke's attitude to Love.

It is by no mere coincidence that Browning was the greatest love poet England has ever had; that Browning was merely the Victorian edition of Donne; that Brooke is the Georgian reincarnation of the same man; there is no fallacy in these premises. Doctor Johnson would not have been alone in stigmatizing these lines:—

"I'll write upon the shrinking skles
The scarlet splendor of your name"
as "extravagantly hyperbolical," but that does not prove that they are not true. There can be no hyperbole in real love. These lines are no more than the naked truth to a man of Rupert Brooke's temperament. Just as he only discovered real beauty by smashing up the seemingly beautiful, so he found real love only after many ghastly experiments with the false.

"I said I splendidly loved you; it's
not true.
Such long swift tides stir not a land-
locked sea.
On gods or fools the high risk falls—
on you—
The clean clear bitter-sweet that's
not for me.
But—there are wanderers in the mid-
dle mist,
Who cry for shadows, clutch, and
cannot tell
Whether they love at all....
They doubt, and sigh,
And do not love at all. Of these
am I."

How absolutely Donne-like is this almost too clever twist in the tail. You see it again in this favorite selection of two such different critics as Gilbert Murray and Charles Whibley:—

"Breathless, we flung us on the windy
hill,
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the
lovely grass.
You said, 'Through glory and ecstasy
we pass;
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds
sing still,
When we are old, are old....'
Life is our cry. 'We have kept the
faith!' we said;
'We shall go down with unreluctant
tread
Rose-crowned into the darkness!' . . .
Proud we were,
And laughed, that had such brave
true things to say.
—And then you suddenly cried, and
turned away."

In "Mummia," another love poem which would have caused Doctor Johnson qualms, he says:—

"So I, from paint, stone, tale, and
rhyme,

Stuffed love's infinity,
And sucked all lovers of all time
To rarefy ecstasy,"

and goes on to pray that his love may be the quintessence of all the great lovers of distant ages:—

"For the uttermost years have cried
and clung
To kiss your mouth to mine."

At another time he imagines himself to be a paralytic in love—Brooke, of all people!

"—And you
Flower-laden, come to the clean white
cell,

And we talk as ever—am I not the
same?

With our hearts we love, immutable,
You without pity, I without shame."
But the most pregnant of all these is "The Voice," where the lover goes out into the woods:—

"And I knew
That this was the hour of knowing,

And the night and the woods and you
Were one together, and I should find
Soon in the silence the hidden key
Of all that had hurt and puzzled me—
Why you were you, and the night was
kind,
And the woods were part of the heart
of me.

You came and quacked beside me in
the wood.
You said, "The view from here is very
good!"
You said, "It's nice to be alone a bit!"
And, "How the days are drawing out!"
you said.
You said, "The sunset's pretty, isn't
it?"
* * * * *

By God! I wish—I wish that you were
dead!"

I know of nothing quite so stirring
as this in his many poems where he
harps on the insatiable wants of man
who knows not what he wants but
cries with crooked mouth for Heaven,
only to throw it by. But love of
women was not Rupert Brooke's greatest
love:—

"I have been so great a lover: filled
my days
So proudly with the splendor of Love's
praise,
The pain, the calm, and the astonish-
ment,
Desire illimitable, and still con-
tent . . ."

You tremble here, as one critic has
said, on the verge of the hectic ninte-
ties; you imagine that he is about to
describe his Cyneras and Jennys. Not
so.

"These have I loved:
White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery,
faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the
strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting
food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke
of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool
flowers;

O dear my loves, O faithless, once
again
This one last gift I give; that after
men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-re-
moved,
Praise you, 'All these were lovely';
say, 'He loved.'"

Walt Whitman himself never
exulted in so sustained an anthem; it
is the "Benedicite" of all lovers of
Nature. How instantly and surely
does Brooke show us the captivation
of the sudden flowering miracle of the
ordinary.

We, too, go out after reading this,
and for a moment gaze spellbound in
ecstasy with new eyes at the beauty
of boys bathing in a pool, of the light-
ed cottage window at dusk, the dim
religious light of an abbey crowned
by the crescent moon; we, too, have
our immortal moment in lilac and
laburnum time, when we picture some
old song's lady, a snatch of a forgot-
ten tune, the echoing laughter of our
best beloved who may be far away or
dead; we, too, stand on the heights
unpinion'd and gaze out over the em-
purpled hills, razor-like in their
majestic nakedness, and for a million
years enraptured, god-like, appreciative; we, too, can see visions of Arthur
setting out for that distant vale
of Avillion, where falls not hail, or
rain, or any snow, nor ever wind blows
loudly; we, too, can hear the voice
of many waters, of the breeze, of the
lark; the scent of sweet-brier and of
peach has the power to drive even us
almost mad with infinite longings . . .
but for the most part we are content
to crawl homewards with downcast
eye, oblivious of beauty, forgetful of
love; it is in these arid, never-ending,
viewless deserts that we need most of
all the poets, our soul's tin-openers,
that we may open our eyes to see, our
ears to hear; to see in the long mel-
ancholic train of clouds our dead friends
hovering, to hear in the joyous trill-

ing of birds our loved one's happy laughter. We, too, need to have something of that magnificent unpreparedness for the long littleness of life which is only to be learnt of poets. Rupert Brooke, perhaps more than any poet of our era, is able to teach us something of the things that matter. It was not for nothing that Ben Jonson styled Donne the first poet in the world for some things. So is his disciple, Brooke. If you require a corrective for lazy thinking and facile writing, turn to Donne or Brooke; if that kind of wit which is one long succession of disconcerting surprises refreshes you and inspires you, you will find it in each of these; if you are willing or able to let beauty come to you as it comes to the Alchemist who "Glorifies his pregnant pot, If by the way to him befall, Some odiferous thing or medicinal," you will be helped again by reading these two men, you will forgive the frequently bizarre, the sometimes even repellent tone that creeps in almost unconsciously, because of that rare intensity of feeling which pervades their whole outlook on life. If you love Browning, but are too troubled to acquiesce without question in his too comfortable "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world," or his non-proven optimism about reunion, "I shall clasp thee again, O thou soul of my soul, and with God be the rest," turn to Brooke and you will find the same erudition, the same packed intricacies, the same multitudinous beauties and whimsical phraseology, but none of his annoying sophistry. There is always latent that surest of all foundations, a perfect

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blend of reason and imagination, each restraining the other so that reason does not become unsympathetic hardness nor imagination degenerate into what Wordsworth so well called mere fancy.

If your criterion of a poet be that he should possess fire, a joy in life, a classical taste, an Hellenic eye for beauty and grace, a sense of the lovely, and be able to differentiate that best of all things, Love, from that worst travesty, Sentimentalism, you will be among those who will turn for solace and true enjoyment to Rupert Brooke.

There has passed away through his death a glory from the earth; each of us is the poorer by the loss of a man whom all his friends idolized and his readers revered. He died as he had lived; as England had lavished on him all the gifts in superabundance that mortal man can desire, so he was willing to renounce them all as a sacrifice on the altar of honor. "Proud then, clear-eyed and laughing, go to great Death as a friend." Of him it can truly be said as of few others:—

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to
wall
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no
contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well
and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so
noble."

"A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of
strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life."

S. P. B. Mais.

THE RESIDENT ALIEN.

I.

The British Dominions in India cover an area which at this moment I am not prepared to specify exactly, but it is certainly very large. There is in this area a certain number of European persons, again not clearly defined, but again certainly very small. It follows from this quite naturally that it is well and advisable for these few European persons to adhere so far as may be one to another; and also that when by disagreeableness of personality, stress of circumstance, or financial collapse, any such item becomes alienated from the remainder of his caste, he is quite utterly lost. There have been many examples of this: and among others that of the Rev. Christian Eijkenstad, who represented the Aryan Zionist Mission of Quebec in the delta village of Bhilyur.

Eijkenstad had been in Bhilyur for a very long time; he was disagreeable when he began, and latterly he became altogether unbearable. His nationality—it became a vexed question, as you shall hear, and was therefore gone into with a thoroughness which defies suspicion—was somewhat complicated: he was born at Montreal, his father was a Dane, and his mother was a Swedish lady naturalized in the United States of America. It was a theory among those who knew him that these various elements waged within him a constant and bitter interneccine strife, rending him, as it were, in fragments, much as other men are rent in India by dissensions among the units of their internal machinery. This was put forward, by those who wished to make excuse, as an explanation of the extraordinary nastiness of his disposition. He had a violent and arrogant assurance, a great gift for blowing his own trumpet, and a pug-

nacious preference to be at war rather than at peace with his fellows; in these, said the dissects, we see the American citizen. He had a shrill contemptuous voice and a saw-like accent, which they attributed to the lower St. Lawrence Americo-Canadian. Finally, he had a tasteless slovenliness in dress and manners displeasing to the English eye; this was set down as a Teutonic strain, due to the fact that both his grandmothers were German and his father had spent some years in East Prussia. These analyses were brought forward by those more favorably disposed towards him; others said he was an obnoxious beast, and were done with it.

During his years at Bhilyur he contrived to annoy a very large number of people. He contrived in the first place to annoy the entire population of the locality for some ten miles every way,—first beginning with the Hindus and Mohammedans, and finally irritating even his own Christian converts. This was not so serious, but he also succeeded in infuriating every European official in the District. One or other of these two things some men can afford to do; there does not live the man who can complacently do both. Eijkenstad used to write long, almost illegible, letters to the Collector, at the rate of about three per week, and when he succeeded in driving the unfortunate official mad—not a very difficult feat with the heads of Delta Districts—he sent up a garbled version of the facts to Government. Men said he used to do all this on purpose. He was wont to search out the “persecuted” in his cure—that is to say, those whose defalcations had brought down the wrath of the Administration upon them, and to urge upon them insidious reasons why they should not submit.

He "instilled into them"—this is his own phrase—"the modern ideal of life." The Indian ryot does not understand socialistic principles, but he can misunderstand them in many dire and drastic ways. The people of Bhiyyur did these things, and when the subsequent trouble came upon them they retaliated by bringing endless lying petitions against Eijenstad. You can see what a nuisance such a man would be in a four-division District, nearly all delta, where the normal work took up nine or ten hours of the day. Over and above all these things he committed many unpardonable offences, breaking nearly every unwritten law of Anglo-Indian society; grossly insulted the wife of a Superintending Engineer; spread amongst all and sundry at least three highly unpleasant scandals, involving well-known English ladies; and boasted, because one Government official had done him a kindness, that the man was afraid of him. The officer in question was a native, and Eijenstad in boasting referred to him as a "nigger": this will to the discerning be indicative of a great deal. All these things and many more he did, wearing the while a bow tie of emerald green, and striped worsted socks of pink and white.

These things are not recorded here merely to portray the character of Eijenstad, but rather because if they had not been so, then that which followed would not have happened. It is necessary to show that Eijenstad had alienated from himself—with some justice—the sympathies of every one in the district; it is also necessary to show that he did not care. There spoke to him one day a senior man of the Church Missionary Society, himself also a fisher of souls, reasonably pointing out that nothing was to be gained by such behavior, and much perhaps to be lost. Eijenstad replied at length that he did not see what

these people could do to him—missing the main point,—that it were better they should not wish to do anything at all. They could, he said, blackball him for clubs he did not wish to enter, and refuse him introductions to wives he did not desire to know, but that was all. The elder man shrugged his shoulders and went his way, for he knew that from all time India has had her own method of dealing with this particular type of fool.

Thus, then, it went on,—successive Collectors being patiently civil, officers of the Bhiyyur Division restraining themselves with difficulty, and Eijenstad making himself complacently offensive. In India things move slowly, and so it looked like going on until such time as Providence, or the Aryan Zionist Mission, should take Eijenstad away.

II.

Things move slowly in India; not so always in less favored places. Very far from so in Europe in that year of doubtful grace 1914. It was not the Aryan Zionist Mission that made the next move in the affairs of the Rev. Christian Eijenstad, and we shall not be able to say who it was until that day when we can name with certainty the perpetrator of the European War. But a move in Eijenstad's affairs there certainly was.

The Indian ryot is a simple and charming creature. His outlook on life and the universe in which he finds himself is governed by the pure common-sense of nature. He does not see in the fields about his dwelling more than a few phenomena, nor, however, does he see there any reason why others should not elsewhere exist. As a result he has the ability to believe anything, and this capacity he illustrated in the first few months of the war in a delightfully thorough manner. Once a-week or so he believed that London had been destroyed and

the King-Emperor blown up by bombs; at rather more frequent intervals he asserted his conviction that the Indian troops had all been sunk in the Bay of Bengal; and nightly he beheld the German aeroplane hovering over his head. He was told it was the planet Venus, but he went on seeing it all the same. This he did all over South India, irrespective of caste or age or any other condition; this he did also in Bhiyyur. In Bhiyyur, however, the prolific local imagination added two items of its own—firstly, that if the Germans came to India the native Christian would cease to exist; secondly, and much more vigorously, that the Rev. Eijenstad was a German.

That this last rumor was deliberate, started by some person or persons is a moral certainty, but to pitch upon any one person more likely than many others is impossible. There were at the very least one thousand people in the District who had been sufficiently annoyed by Eijenstad to be ready and willing to do this thing. The most likely, perhaps, were a gentleman called Singirazu, who kept the Hindu school, and who had suffered not a little from the draining off of his pupils to a rival institution of Eijenstad's; and Jansen, the pillar of the native Christians. Nothing could ever be proved against those excellent fellows, but from events it looked as though they pulled the wires. Now the question of whether or not a man was a German was in these days one in which Government took a keen and exhaustive interest, and the search for the resident alien in our midst was acute: it was therefore, one would think, a simple matter to set Eijenstad right. So it would indeed have been—if it concerned any one but Eijenstad.

The Collector of that District in which Bhiyyur lies was at this time a

man called Logan. Logan was the type that has made us what we are in India; he was an Englishman who went through everything, being scrupulously just and fair. He may have had prejudices, but he never showed them. But he had been Collector of the District for three years, and had suffered not a little from Eijenstad in this time; moreover, one of those ladies whom Eijenstad had defamed was Logan's favorite cousin. Accordingly when one morning he received a violent letter from Eijenstad demanding a published declaration of his nationality, he decided that here was a case for more than usually scrupulous fairness. "I hope," said he to his Assistant, "that the fellow's a German. Government are making a nice little place for Germans at Ahmednagar, which is a long way from here. But we must give him a chance."

"He must be a German," said the Assistant. "Only Germans could go on quite like Eijenstad."

"We shall see," said Logan, and wrote courteously to Eijenstad, expressing his willingness to allay any local misapprehensions; first of all, however, he must see Eijenstad's papers. Eijenstad, however, it appeared, had none, and said so very rudely. Logan wrote back suggesting that the Head of Eijenstad's Mission in India might be asked to send him, Logan, a statement; that would be quite sufficient. Eijenstad was very angry, but after a week's blustering in Bhiyyur he thought better of it and wrote off to the Head of the Mission for the required statement. Logan had regarded it as a case for scrupulous fairness—to both sides. He therefore declined to do anything further until the information arrived. See now how what was said at the outset is exemplified! Eijenstad, by sheer disagreeableness of nature and ways, had cut himself off from his fellows, and

as a result he was forced to go without that little unofficial word to the subordinates which would have made the difference.

Meanwhile at Bhiyyur the allied forces having set their batteries in order began to play upon Eijenstad. He preached an admirable discourse on the War, and found waiting for him at the gate a deferential group comprising half his congregation, who asked him if he were not a German. Eijenstad knew that a misconception of fact in the native mind is not a thing to be played with; he accordingly conveyed the whole deputation to his bungalow—which was very large and spacious—and spent a patient half-hour trying to explain to them that he was the son of the Dane and the naturalized American Swede before mentioned, and that though it was true that both his grandmothers were German, his remoter ancestors were all impeccable Scandinavians. His puzzled audience departed, feeling that he had told them an unnecessarily complicated lie. They were succeeded almost immediately by a second detachment, who supplemented the same fundamental question by desiring to know if he had not a wife in Germany. Eijenstad said he had no wife, as they ought to know very well, and went into the genealogy all over again. He had no more visitors that night, but it had been a trying evening.

Next morning came a strong body of the local Hindus. They had heard, they said, that if the Germans came to India they would certainly do away with the native Christians. Politely veiling their conviction that this would be a very good thing, they inquired as of one with inner knowledge whether or not this were likely to be true. Eijenstad incautiously asked how he should know. Is it not true then, said the deputation, that you

are a German? This time Eijenstad was less patient, and cast the deputation outside, but repented wisely in time to receive a second body going on the same lines. To these he delivered a long lecture on the German,—his honest worth, his breadth of view, his general humanity, and the absurdity of supposing that he would be other than delighted with the native Christians. This second company went away with the fixed notion that any one who appeared to know so much about it must either be a German or a liar; in any case, if it were true that the Germans would not dispose of the native Christians, then the last reason for encouraging any German was gone. Eijenstad had to deal with a third set of visitors that evening—Christians again this time,—who said they had been insulted in the streets by the Hindus, who told them they were following a German whose one idea was to bring the Germans to Bhiyyur, and who was merely encouraging the Christians in order that his friends might find them ready to be destroyed when they came. They did not believe this, of course, but—would the gentleman tell them it was a lie? Eijenstad, who was used to the tangled ways of Bhiyyur, woke up to the fact that there was something behind all this, and, being rather unnerved as well as worn out by his wrestling with the Hindus, made a mess of his explanation. The deputation went away, uneasy and puzzled. It is a fact—among many obscurities—that Jansen was outside, and was very eager to know the result of this interview.

Nothing happened the next day, save that in the evening an aeroplane hovered over the neighboring village of Penamarta for half an hour. Said the village headman, "What can one expect when there is a German at Bhiyyur. Certainly he will bring the

Germans here." The headman of Penamarta was an old enemy, and Eijenstad interviewed him in the middle of his own village street and an interested crowd of spectators. He made little of it. Asked why he said such things, the headman, who was a large man and very well fed, folded his arms and said: "It is well known to all." "That is nonsense," said Eijenstad. "If I were a German you know very well Government would not allow me to be here. How can you explain that?" "Easily," said the headman. "You have given bribes." "And where would I get the money to give bribes?" said Eijenstad. "From the Germans," said the headman. Eijenstad declaimed at some length, but retired from the field a beaten man. It was left to an old hag, bent double with rheumatism, to come peering forward almost into Eijenstad's very face. "Are all Germans like him?" said she, and on being informed by several jovial bystanders that Eijenstad was a very representative type, "Then," said the old lady, "the British will certainly beat them," and spat betel with immense conviction amid general uproar.

The next day nothing in particular happened, but the next was marked by a series of extraordinary coincident casualties in the families of Eijenstad's servants. The butler's mother died in a distant village, the cook's uncle—also far away—had involved himself in a lawsuit over the ancestral acres and his nephew's presence was imperative. The waterman appeared not at all, but was said to have severe fever and to have gone for treatment to his aunt at Penamarta. The cook's matey—that *enfant terrible* of India households—had perforce to cook Eijenstad's dinner that evening, and cooking after the manner of cook's mateys made Eijenstad very ill. He arose the next morning feeling

that his grip on things was tending to slacken. He wired to Logan asking whether he had not yet heard from the Head of the Mission. The reply was not forthcoming, and Eijenstad going down to the village to search for it found the branch postmaster reading it aloud with great gusto to an eager audience. Fresh enthusiasts could be seen advancing from all directions to hear. The reply, as a matter of fact, was in the negative.

On that evening also occurred the prolonged engagement with Constable 542. This zealous officer arrived about six o'clock armed with certain unintelligible papers, and demanded that Eijenstad should at once hand over every weapon he possessed. This time Eijenstad knew he was in the right; some one had sent 542 on this errand, but he had no conceivable right or authority to do so, and Eijenstad spoke his mind freely. 542 was inclined to argue, but being a man of peace, like all policemen in India, he eventually went away. The discussion, however, was watched with deep interest by a large crowd on the compound wall, among whom Jansen could be observed moving about in a business-like manner.

These facts crystallized into historical truth the next day. Eijenstad was informed by various deputations throughout the day, (a) that he had received a telegram from the King (*sic*) of Germany about aeroplanes, (b) that the Collector had ordered him by telegram to leave the District, (c) that Constable 542 had gone to arrest him and had only been bought off by a very heavy bribe. These tales arriving from villages at a considerable distance, Eijenstad began to form some idea of the extent of the net he was in. It was significant that the deputations never asked now if he were a German—they took that much as an established truth. He

realized even more bitterly when, the day being Sunday, he beheld his congregations. Jansen was present in almost solitary state. "Where are all the people?" said Eijenstad. "They are afraid to come," replied Jansen, "because the Hindus have told them that there will be a bomb put in the church to destroy them all." "Who should put it there?" said Eijenstad. "You," said Jansen simply; "the Hindus are saying that you got one from Germany yesterday." Eijenstad recalled the package of books, covered with curious Continental hieroglyphics he had received from Italy, and began to wonder whether after all the conversion of the heathen were really a desirable thing.

There followed peace in Bhiyyur for a day or two; but in the meantime that confirmed fire-eater the headman of Penamarta went again upon the war-path. Appearing suddenly one evening with several friends, he all but terrified the life out of the Christian community of his village who—wisely—lived in a separate hamlet some little distance from it. It was a matter of hours, he said, till Eijenstad would be removed as a German, and on that delightful consummation the Christian community of Penamarta had better look out. Eijenstad went down to Penamarta and tackled the headman the next day, but the headman was celebrating his nephew's wedding and was quite above himself and merely abusive.

But on that same evening, and almost at that very hour when the headman of Penamarta was bullying poor Eijenstad's flock, there crept out of the darkness of the Bay of Bengal the German cruiser *Emden*, fired the better part of a score of shells into the very city of Madras itself, and crept off again as she came. That was a night that will be long remembered in South India, and the news flew

north and south like wildfire. Bhiyyur had only the haziest ideas as to what the *Emden* might be: to some it was a mere "machine," some held it an aeroplane, some realized that it was a ship of sorts,—but all knew with the most indubitable certainty that it was coming to Bhiyyur next. True, Bhiyyur was some sixteen miles inland, but there was the canal. Details mattered but little in any case; the main thing was that somehow or other Eijenstad would contrive to bring the *Emden* upon them. The headman of Penamarta arrived with his wedding party, having seen no fewer than four aeroplanes on the way, and paraded the streets with dreadful din, declaiming against Germans and Christians with fine impartiality. No one paid any attention to him, because every one was too busy on similar lines of his own—all save the quiet and composed Jansen, who shepherded the Christians into his house and was closeted there with them late into the night. He thus missed the demonstration which took place in front of Eijenstad's bungalow. It was a spirited demonstration, the headman of Penamarta bearing himself with special gallantry. It came to nothing, partly because 542 and his brethren appeared in strength and patrolled solemnly up and down, but rather because none of the members present had the remotest intention of going beyond shouting. Eijenstad's remaining servants, however, had been stuffing him all day with fearsome tales of atrocities in contemplation, and, his nerves being weakened with the struggle, he passed a somewhat uncomfortable night.

The daily post came to Bhiyyur by runner at about six in the morning, and drifted out at about nine. By it there came a letter for Eijenstad—sealed, to the great annoyance of the postal authorities, who could make

little of the outside. "My dear Eijenstad," said Logan, "I am glad to be able to tell you the result of our correspondence with the Head of your Mission," and went on to set forth in all its convincing complications the story of Eijenstad's descent. Eijenstad crammed on a topee and dashed out to impart the news, and cannonaded on the way into a salaaming deputation, consisting apparently of two-thirds of the Christian populace.

They handed him a petition and he read it, and the great news froze upon his lips as he read. It was to all intents and purposes his warrant of dismissal. The petitioners humbly set forth that they could not continue under the wing of Eijenstad, because (a) he was a German, and (b) it got them into such trouble with the Hindus. Apart, however, from all such considerations, they had long felt that they were now quite capable of administering religion to themselves; it was better they should sit at the feet of one of their own number. They had great confidence in their friend Jansen. . . . At this point Eijenstad looked up and saw the stolid face of Jansen gazing mildly upon him.

"This is your doing," said he.

"Yes," said Jansen calmly; "now I will be Reverend."

Eijenstad looked for a full minute into Jansen's impassive rather stupid face, and at the end of that time he knew he was beaten.

Blackwood's Magazine.

GERMANIA CONTRA MUNDUM.

(BY THE EARL OF CROMER.)

II.

History records no more extraordinary fact, nor, when it is properly understood, no more far-reaching tragedy, than the complete collapse—or, to use an expressive French term, the *dégringolade*—of all the moral forces of Germany which has taken place dur-

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"How long have you been working at this?" said he.

"A long time," said Jansen. "But if they had not said you were a German, this would not have happened."

"That," said Eijenstad, "is true."

III.

Eijenstad was a man who did many foolish things, but it stands to his credit that he did not attempt to fight the position at Bhilayur. He knew he was beaten. Nor did he essay to delve out the truth of the matter, for that he knew would never emerge on earth. So he did what he had said he would never do for any one—he applied to his authorities to transfer him to another sphere of work. On the way he called upon Logan and was abusive, and Logan's sense of justice allowed him to tell Eijenstad what he thought of him. He is said to have been brief, but very eloquent indeed.

There will be many to whom this story will appear incredible. It would have appeared so perhaps at one time to Eijenstad. That is because the native mind is incredible. But the moral is perfectly clear. It is as stated early in this history, that in India a man standing upon one stool is safe; that a clever man may support himself on two; but that he who attempts to dispense with them altogether inevitably—and on the whole deservedly—falls.

Hilton Brown.

ing the last forty or fifty years. The statecraft of the eighteenth century was profoundly immoral, and although Frederic the Great, who in his youth wrote a book which gained the enthusiastic praise of Voltaire, entitled *The Anti-Machiavelli*, became in later years the high priest of Machiavellism, the

other contemporary rulers of every State in Europe persistently acted, in a greater or less degree, on the principles laid down by the great Florentine casuist in *The Prince*. Occasionally they had qualms of conscience. Maria Theresa wept when she was pressed to agree to the first Partition of Poland, but none the less, as the Great Frederic cynically remarked, she signed the Partition treaty. In every State in the world, except Prussia, the growing influence of humanitarian ideas, the more constant application of the principles of the Christian moral code in the domain of legislation, the steady development of liberal institutions, and the increased recognition of the right of homogeneous populations to constitute themselves into separate nationalities, together with other causes, have collectively exerted a pressure which has unceasingly tended to make State action conform more and more closely to the best moral thought of the day. It may now be said without exaggeration that the diplomacy and the statecraft of the rulers in all democratic countries harmonize with the wishes and aspirations of the ruled, and that both parties would resent any attempt to pronounce a complete divorce between policy and high morality. So qualified an authority as Dr. Holland Rose, after studying the archives of the Foreign Office for twenty years, pronounced the verdict that the more thoroughly recent British policy was examined "the better it came out."

The evolution of political thought and action in Prussia has proceeded on diametrically opposite lines. The moralists have not converted the potentates and diplomats. It is the latter who, with the assiduous and very powerful help of a choir of renegade moralists, have converted the whole nation, and have induced them to make

the doctrine that "might is right" the first article of the German political creed. Niebuhr, albeit he was a Liberal and wrote at a time when extreme realism had not established its undisputed sway over German thought, none the less composed his Roman history with a view to subserving the aims of Prussian policy. Even the calm and judicial Ranke, who wrote at a much later period, was not altogether free from the same taint. M. Antoine Guilland, in his work entitled *Modern Germany and her Historians*, says: "Ranke was not far from sharing Hegel's notion, which became that of all Prussian historians—namely, that civilization is spread only by war; that 'the bloody human battles are only at bottom the struggles of moral energy.'" Mommsen went much further. He devoted his great talents and incomparable learning to writing a history of Rome, which was in reality nothing but a glorification of force. No one, M. Guilland says with great truth, did "more than Mommsen in bringing about the reaction against the Christian conception of human life." Sybel, the learned but very prejudiced historian of the French Revolution, subordinated everything to his desire to stimulate the cult of the Hohenzollerns. Much the same may be said of Droysen. All that can be advanced in palliation of these perversions, both of historical truth and of public morality, is that for long the highest minds of Germany had been animated by a patriotic and perfectly legitimate desire to realize German unity, that the rival ambitions and jealousies of the divers peoples of Germany and their rulers constituted an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of their wishes, and that those wishes were at last fully realized by the ruthless "blood-and-iron" policy of Prince Bismarck and the military genius of Moltke.

The successors of those writers who have been mentioned above out-Bismarcked Bismarck. Unscrupulous as were the diplomatic and political methods adopted by that great statesman, he none the less recognized that he could not with impunity flout the moral sense of the whole civilized world. Moreover, his acute political insight led him cautiously to confine his efforts to the attainment of objects which were practicable. He held fast to the idea of German unity, but he would have scouted the notion of German world-dominion. His successors threw all caution to the winds. Intoxicated with the results so far obtained, they held that there need be no limit to the achievements of German ambition by the further application of the "might is right" doctrine. "All the thinkers, dreamers, poets and prophets, with but few exceptions, were," as Mr. Oliver says, "commandeered and set to work thinking, dreaming, poetizing, and prophesying to the glory of the Kaiser, and his army, and his navy, and his counselors, and his world policy, and the conquest and expansion which are entailed therein." Dr. Bamberger, a leading German Radical, said: "The cult of the House of Hohenzollern, whereby some historians and, following their example, many millions of Germans have erected their veneration for the Hohenzollern dynasty into an ecstatic and mystic religion, is a species of fanaticism without parallel in history. Never of the Antonines, nor of the Medicis, nor of the Bourbons, nor of the Hapsburgs, was it maintained in such dithyrambic strains that every ruler of their house must, by the mere fact of his existence, be a pattern of superhuman perfection lawfully placed on the throne." The Kaiser lent himself to this semi-deification with a readiness only to be paralleled by a well-known

incident in the career of the Macedonian Alexander. Although apparently imbued with an almost Chinese belief in ancestor worship, he forgot one golden maxim which had been laid down by the most eminent of his predecessors, Frederic the Great: "Rulers should always remind themselves that they are men like the least of their subjects." To any ordinary non-German mind some of the Kaiser's utterances appear scarcely consistent with a belief in his complete sanity. He has described himself as "an instrument of God," and he has embodied the fundamental article of his political system in the astounding phrase, "There is only one law, and that is my law."

If the vagaries of German absolutism had been reserved for exhibition on a purely German stage, the inhabitants of other countries might have regarded what Mr. Oliver terms this "mediaeval masquerade" with comparative indifference, and even with some degree of amusement. But such was far from being the case. The principles enunciated by Treitschke and his acolytes struck at the root of all international amity, and were utterly subversive of the canons regulating the relations between States which were generally received throughout the civilized world. Treitschke laid down that "in the case of a State treaty, an undertaking once given may be disregarded if there are good grounds for withdrawing from it. . . . In concluding treaties the State does so always with the tacit reservation that there is no power beyond and above it to which it is responsible, and it must be the sole judge as to whether it is expedient to respect its obligations." The sympathies of Nietzsche, whose influence on German thought and policy was greatly inferior to that of Treitschke, were cosmopolitan rather than Prussian. He disliked militar-

ism, and even went so far as to speak of his countrymen as "magnificent blonde brutes, avidly rampant for spoil and victory." One of the main objects of his philosophy apparently was to banish Christian morality wholly from the sphere of private conduct. But he also, speaking of treaty obligations, said: "He who commands, what need has he of agreements?" The enunciation of a principle in such strict conformity with the code of Hohenzollern public morals was in itself sufficient to ensure his welcome as a minor oracle of absolutism.

The English people were slow to wake up to the danger with which they, in common with the rest of the civilized world, were threatened. Even that small minority which habitually paid some attention to foreign affairs were reluctant to believe that the responsible statesmen of a Christian and civilized country would, in the realm of action, trample underfoot the most rudimentary principles on which Christianity and civilization are alike based. The fact that an army of professors, endowed with great learning and with supreme ability to make the worse appear the better cause, had for at least a generation past been dinning the teaching of Treitschke and his associates into the minds of the youth of Germany, and had thus perverted the public morals of the rising generation, was either ignored or its sinister importance was not fully recognized. The crude realism of Bern-

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hardi was regarded as merely the ravaging of a swashbuckler and a megalomaniac, which could exert no influence on the action of responsible statesmen. It was not until the thunder-cloud burst, and an astonished world learnt that the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium was to be regarded as a mere "scrap of paper," that the true facts of the situation were fully understood. It was then at last realized that the professorial and Imperial gospel of absolutism and duplicity in their most extreme forms was intended, not for mere academic discussion in the classroom, but to serve as a practical guide for the decisions of the Council chamber.

Broadly speaking, therefore, it may be said that, in the domain of international relations, the triumph of the German arms would substitute the perpetuation of a state of war rather than the maintenance of peace as the ideal goal which the rulers of the world should seek to attain. The leaders of German thought, indeed, openly avow that "war is the noblest and highest expression of human activity." The predominance of German principles would foster discord in the place of amity and suspicion in the place of confidence. Mr. Oliver scarcely overshoots the mark when he says that the new German code of morals, "if universally adhered to, would make an end of human society."

(*To be continued.*)

THE MOUTH ORGAN.

Oh, there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no 'Igh-
land pipers
To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle an'
Wipers;

So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'eart o'
man—
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does the best 'e can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns 'ave
sent 'em flyin',
An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin' shells
a-cryin';
The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the blackbird's 'ad to
flit . . .
So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an' does 'is bit.

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh an' soary;
'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloommin' repertory;
But when 'e's played the lot, why, then 'is course is straight
an' plain,
'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em all again!

'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in the
trenches;
'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e's played 'em to the
Frenchies;
'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-deep in slime,
But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e's at it all the time.

Wet, 'untry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide 'im,
'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left inside
'im;
And when we march up Potsdam street an' goosestep through
Berlin,
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e'll play the Army in!

Punch.

DICKENS AND THE WOODEN LEG.

Of all authors Dickens is the most inclined to the grotesque and the abnormal, but is there anywhere, one asks, a freak of any kind so predominant in his writings as to suggest that it was an obsession with him? I think there is such an obsession, though no one, so far as I am aware, has hitherto noticed it. Reading within a year all the well-known books of Dickens, I have come to regard Wegg as the triumphant climax of a persistent series of wooden legs. These references do not pretend to be complete—there may be others—but the legs I

have gathered form a *corpus* of evidence not easily overset. At least, with what can be learnt elsewhere concerning Dickens, they form a fascinating framework for conjectural biography. That method is considered edifying by Shakespearians: why not by Dickensians?

I proceed to the evidence in the novels. The *Sketches by Boz*, in which Dickens hardly found himself, contain no wooden leg, but the introduction of Sam Weller in Chapter X. of *Pickwick* starts the series:—

"Well, you are a nice young 'ooman

for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg."

Later Sam repeated the information that there was "a wooden leg in number six." Chapter XXXIII. of *Pickwick* records the meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. The report of converts to the cause includes the following case:—

Thomas Burton is purveyor of eats' meat to the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and several members of the Common Council (the announcement of the gentleman's name was received with breathless interest). Has a wooden leg; finds a wooden leg expensive, going over the stones; used to wear second-hand wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin and water regularly every night—sometimes two (deep sighs). Found the second-hand wooden legs split and rot very quickly; is firmly persuaded that their constitution was undermined by the gin and water (prolonged cheering). Buys new wooden legs now, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits (triumphant cheers).

Here the wooden leg is emphasized; it is casual in *Oliver Twist* where (Chapter V.) Noah Claypole's father is mentioned as a "drunken soldier, discharged with a wooden leg." In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens has a curious fancy, or piece of observation, which shows a special study of the theme. Miss Knag (Chapter XVII.) boasts of an uncle who had such small feet that they were no bigger than those which are usually joined to wooden legs. Miss Knag is probably romancing, but had her creator any authority for the idea that wooden legs have anything like feet joined to

them? Or does he in his obsession conceive the artificial leg as so natural that it must end in feet?

Barnaby Rudge is interesting as bringing together the idea of a wooden leg and a horribly acute blind man, two phenomena which the reader will remember in *Treasure Island*. In Chapter VIII. Mr. Tappertit is seen as a captain of 'prentices served in a cellar by Stagg, the blind man. Dropping on one knee, Stagg gently smoothes the ineffective calves of the captain's legs:—

"That I had but eyes," he cried, "to behold my captain's symmetrical proportions! That I had but eyes, to look upon these twin invaders of domestic peace."

"Get out!" said Mr. Tappertit, glancing downward at his favorite limbs. "Go along, will you, Stagg?"

"When I touch my own afterwards," cried the host, smiting them reproachfully, "I hate 'em. Comparatively speaking, they've no more shape than wooden legs beside these models of my noble captain's."

"Yours!" exclaimed Mr. Tappertit. "No, I should think not. Don't talk about those precious old toothpicks in the same breath with mine; that's rather too much."

This passage suggests that thus early in the book Dickens had in his mind the suitable penalty for Mr. Tappertit. Both his legs were mangled, and the last chapter of the book informs us that

Mr. Simon Tappertit, being removed from a hospital to prison, and then to his place of trial, was discharged by proclamation, on two wooden legs. Shorn of his graceful limbs, and brought down from his high estate to circumstances of utter destitution, and the deepest misery, he made shift to stump back to his old master and beg for some relief.

Dickens adds yet another touch. He explains that Mr. Tappertit turned shoebblack and married the widow of an

eminent bone and rag collector, formerly of Millbank. When domestic storms arose

Mr. Tappertit would, in the assertion of his prerogative, so far forget himself as to correct his lady with a brush, or boot or shoe; while she (but only in extreme cases) would retaliate by taking off his legs, and leaving him exposed to the derision of those urchins who delight in mischief. Thus does Dickens pleasantly dwell on this example of his theme; but he is not content with it alone; he had previously noted, at the end of Chapter LXXVII., that among those hanged at Bloomsbury Square for their part in the Riots "were two cripples—both mere boys—one with a leg of wood."

This, of course, may be an historical fact; but, whether fact or fiction, it shows Dickens's zeal for a detail concerning a wooden leg. In the *Old Curiosity Shop* (Chapter XV.) the old cottager who entertains Nell and her grandfather speaks of a son who was "listed 'for a so'jer—he come back home though, for all he had but one poor leg.' The other was presumably wooden, but the real article is mentioned by one of the curious entertainers who assemble at the Jolly Sandboys in Chapter XIX. Mr. Vuffin explains that giants should be kept from the public view:—

"Once make a giant common and giants will never draw again. Look at wooden legs. If there was only one man with a wooden leg what a property *he'd* be!"

"So he would!" observed the landlord and Short both together. "That's very true."

"Instead of which," pursued Mr. Vuffin, "if you was to advertise Shakespeare played entirely by wooden legs, it's my belief you wouldn't draw a sixpence." One cannot forget also in Chapter I. Mr. Swiveller's lament over the former Sophy Wackles:—

"Her name is Cheggs now, Sophy Cheggs. Yet loved I as man never loved that hadn't wooden legs, and my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Sophy Cheggs."

Mr. Swiveller, like Mr. Wegg, dropped into verse occasionally. He was spurred thereto, however, not by friendliness but by emotion. The reference might be regarded as merely providing an easy rhyme and an agreeable fancy, if there were not so many others of a similar sort.

Chapter IX. of *Martin Chuzzlewit* reveals Mr. Pecksniff "took very poorly" at Mrs. Todgers's party, falling into the fireplace, and finally carried upstairs to his bed. But shortly afterwards he reappeared at the top landing, strangely attired, and delivered himself of those improving sentiments which might have been expected from so eminent a moralist.

"To bed," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Bed! 'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain; you have woke me too soon; I must slumber again. If any young orphan will repeat the remainder of that simple piece from Doctor Watt's collection, an eligible opportunity now offers."

Nobody volunteered.

"This is very soothing," said Mr. Pecksniff, after a pause. "Extremely so. Cool and refreshing; particularly to the legs! The legs of the human subject, my friends, are a beautiful production. Compare them with wooden legs, and observe the difference between the anatomy of nature and the anatomy of art. Do you know," said Mr. Pecksniff, leaning over the banisters, with an odd recollection of his familiar manner among new pupils at home, "that I should very much like to see Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg, if perfectly agreeable to herself!"

Orphans are mentioned two or three times by Mr. Pecksniff at this crisis; his mind runs on them naturally as making excellent architectural pupils

free from the searching inquiries of parents; but there seems no particular reason for his final remarks. He was not an anatomist like Mr. Venus. He was not so much exhibiting his own character as following the lead of Dickens's fancy.

Chapter XIX. of *Martin Chuzzlewit* introduces Mrs. Gamp, who, when entering a house of mourning, feels it safe to say, "Ah! Poor dear," and continues:—

"Ah, dear! When Gamp was summoned to his long home, and I see him a-lying in Guy's Hospital with a penny piece on each eye, and his wooden leg under his left arm, I thought I should have fainted away. But I bore up."

I have always thought that the late Mr. Gamp must have resembled Mr. Silas Wegg in his gifts and habits.

In *Dombey* (Chapter XLI.) Cousin Feenix drives down with Mr. Dombey to Brighton, and checks off his acquaintances aloud as he meets them, including "man with cork leg from White's." But there is another allusion in Chapter LVII. which is more marked. Walter Gay and Florence Dombey are married in a dusty old City church:—

There is no bridesmaid, unless Susan Nipper is one; and no better father than Captain Cuttle. A man with a wooden leg, chewing a faint apple and carrying a blue bag in his hand, looks in to see what is going on; but, finding it nothing entertaining, stumps off again, and pegs his way among the echoes out of doors.

Why should he turn up at that particular moment? His appearance is casual and has nothing to do with the story.

No research is needed to discover the ligneous limb in *David Copperfield*. Most readers will remember Salem House, Mr. Creakle, and an "obstinate barbarian" with a wooden leg who was his creature, Mr. Tungay.

It may be noted, however, that Tungay's name is not given till late in the narrative. Dickens seems to enjoy calling him "the man with the wooden leg," as if he wished to emphasize that feature and feared the reader might forget it.

In *Bleak House* the gay and discursive Skimpole provides the inevitable reference. Chapter XXXIII. explains how he met Esther Summerson at The Wedlock Arms, and, after hearing of her recovery,

felt that he appreciated health the more when somebody else was ill; didn't know but what it might be in the scheme of things that A. should squint to make B. happier in looking straight, or that C. should carry a wooden leg, to make D. better satisfied with the flesh and blood in a silk stocking.

Hard Times and *Little Dorrit* have each an example which shows how curiously the fancy of Dickens played round the wooden leg. For most people that striking alteration of the human figure would be sufficiently odd in itself; it would not be a universal and familiar object like a human face, the distortion of which is readily perceived in things totally different. For Dickens it is otherwise. Coketown (*Hard Times*, Chapters V. and XVI.) possessed a number of chapels which were severely "workful" and resembled plious warehouses.

The solitary exception was the New Church; a stuccoed edifice with a square steeple over the door, terminating in four short pinnacles like florid wooden legs.

The comparison is surely extraordinary; the pinnacle of a church has not the stark, straight outline of the wooden leg, and no one would conceive of it in that light unless he had a vision of such legs before him which insisted on being regarded as the basis of normal observation.

In *Little Dorrit* (Book II, Chapter

VII.) the Dorrits move from Venice to Rome, and the heroine is confused by the new conditions of life:—

Here it seemed to Little Dorrit that a change came over the Marshalsea spirit of their society, and that Prunes and Prism got the upper hand. Everybody was walking about St. Peter's and the Vatican on somebody else's cork legs, and straining every visible object through somebody else's sieve.

A strange fancy indeed! See also Book I., Chapter XXIII., for four wooden legs mentioned at once.

In *Great Expectations* (Chapter XXX.) Herbert Pocket reveals to Pip his engagement to Clara, daughter of Bill Barley, a retired purser who is never seen, but is heard in his room: "He makes tremendous rows, roars, and pegs at the floor with some frightful instrument." Mr. Barley had the gout, and a habit of coming down on his back. One might almost suppose that he was hampered with a wooden leg. At any rate, Dickens uses that to explain his violence. In Chapter XLVI. when old Barley was growling upstairs,

Suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us.

In *Our Mutual Friend* who knows not "the literary man with a wooden leg"? Yet Dickens is not content with Wegg. Forgetting that he has introduced a wooden leg into the marriage of the young couple in *Dombey*, he introduces a Chelsea pensioner with two into the marriage of John Rokesmith and Bella (Book IV., Chapter IV.)!

Edwin Drood, the last book, has no leg of the kind, but, after all, it is incomplete, and the part we have not got might have contained one. Would Dickens have been able to refrain from an instance? The answer to that question must depend on another—Was

or was he not conscious of the obsession? One might argue that he intended Wegg to be a final debauch of woodenleggedness in his characters, after which he would refrain. But the Chelsea pensioner, I think, shows that he was unconscious of the prevalence of such legs in his stories, and regarded them to the end of his life as a natural addition to any scene.

Confronted with this remarkable series, one may fairly ask what evidence of wooden legs is offered elsewhere in the life or writings of Dickens. Were there any direct prototypes in life of the famous ones? Creakle is said to be founded on Dickens's real schoolmaster; but there is no sign of a wooden leg in his article "Our School," which describes the establishment known as Salem House in *David Copperfield*. The Latin master, indeed, had a crutch which was sufficient to put Dickens on to his favorite form of wood. No original of Wegg is recorded in the books of reference within my reach, though life has apparently plagiarized from Dickens by copying Wegg (see *The Dickens Originals*, by Mr. Edwin Pugh, p. 281), just as a replica of the Fat Boy was well known in Kent a few years ago.

So far the quest is disappointing, but there is more to be said. Dickens read and revelled in Smollett at an astonishingly early age (1816-21); he tells us himself that he believed in the people of *Peregrine Pickle* as if they were real. In that book which has obviously inspired more than one scene in Dickens, Jack Hatchway had a wooden leg which night after night he tilted up with great agility to ward off blows from the crutches of his master, Commodore Trunnon.

Dickens must have been one of the most observant and sensitive children who ever lived, and Forster has revealed how his memory was seared with the degradations of his work at

the blacking factory. Of this period Dickens was unwilling to speak. Was there a Wegg in it? Only one letter of Dickens to a schoolboy friend, written in 1825, has been preserved. It is given in facsimile in Forster's *Life*, and its contents are significant. It runs thus:

TOM,

I am quite ashamed I have not returned your Leg, but you shall have it by Harry to-morrow. If you would like to purchase my Clavis you shall have it at a very *reduced* price. Cheaper in comparison than a Leg.

Yours, etc., C. DICKENS.

P. S. I suppose all this time you have had a *wooden* leg. I have weighed yours every Saturday Night.

"The Leg" referred to was "the Legend of something, a pamphlet romance I had lent him," says Mr. Thomas, the recipient of the letter, and Forster adds in his solemn way: "There is some underlying whim or pun in the 'Leg' allusions which Mr. Thomas appears to have overlooked, and certainly fails to explain."

In 1871 Mr. Thomas could hardly have been expected to be sure about a youthful jest of 1825; but can we not be sure that a person with ligneous limbs had already played a part in the life of Dickens?

The *Letters of Dickens* reveal another brief but significant reference to a wooden leg of his later days. In 1851 he was busy with theatrical projects and he writes to Mrs. Cowden Clarke a letter of stage reminiscences which ends

Your sister Emma, she is doing work of some sort on the P. S. side of the boxes, in some dark theatre, I know, but where I wonder. W. has not proposed to her yet, has he? I understood he was going to offer his hand and heart, and lay his leg at her feet.

Two notes at the bottom of the page explain that "W." was Wilmot, Macready's prompter, who was en-

The New Statesman.

gaged to accompany the acting tours, and that the leg was a wooden one.

Dickens revelled in acting, and was the intimate friend of Macready as early as the days of *Pickwick*. He must have constantly seen Macready's prompter, and, it may reasonably be supposed, knew him well, since Wilmot was engaged to take part in the acting tours.

A letter from Rome sent by Dickens in 1853 reveals another wooden leg, but an unexpected one. He went from Naples to dine with "Mr. Lowther, our chargé d'affaires," and could not find the house. Seeking the way from a Frenchman, he was asked:

"Has he a servant with a wooden leg?"

"Great Heaven, sir," said I, "how do I know? I should think not, but it is possible."

"It is always," said the Frenchman, "possible," adding later:

"Below there, near the lamp, one finds an Englishman, with a servant with a wooden leg. It is always possible that he is the Signor Lootheere."

So he proved to be, though nothing is said concerning the nether limbs of his servant.

Adventures are not dealt out fairly in this world; some have them frequently, others never. Had Dickens a positive gift for meeting wooden legs, just as others have a gift for picking up lost things of value? It must be remembered that he spent an immense amount of time in walking about the streets; he travelled for the firm of Human Interest more than any man of his time.

Such is the evidence that I have been able to collect. I do not pretend, being busy with other things, to have exhausted the subject. Dickensians may be able to supplement my examples and conclusions, which are at least sufficient to show that I have a leg to stand upon.

Vernon Rendall.

GERMANY'S FOOD SUPPLIES.

During the past month there has been a complete reorganization of the system for requisitioning and distributing food in Germany, a great deal of Press discussion on the cause of the present high level of prices, and a vigorous agitation by the social democracy for the adoption of a more effective food policy. While not the most careful study of the German papers can give any answer to the question whether Germany will be able to feed herself throughout the harvest year now opening, it is at least possible to indicate where the shoe is beginning to pinch. A clear distinction must be drawn at the outset between foodstuffs which have been made a Government monopoly and foodstuffs trade in which is still free, and it will be seen that on the whole the monopoly system has worked well, while attempts to control the prices of meat, vegetables, milk, and other necessities and comforts of life still sold in open market have proved far from successful.

The sale of all food grains and of most fodder-stuffs is confined to the public authorities. When the need for some regulation of the trade in bread-stuffs became acute last autumn an organization called the War Grain Company was improvised. The original intention was that it should buy up surplus stocks at fixed prices in the producing districts, and thus simultaneously create a standard rate for transactions in the grain market and assure the German people of reserve supplies for the closing months of the harvest year. This arrangement proved inadequate, and from February until the middle of July the War Grain Company enjoyed a complete monopoly and supplied all Germany

from its stocks. Thanks to the inauguration of the breadcard system this arrangement worked well enough so far as the certainty and adequacy of bread supplies were concerned, but behind the scenes there was a good deal of friction. The main ground of complaint was that the company had been constituted on too narrow a basis. The shares had been taken up by the States, the leading cities, and a few of the great industrialists, and it was objected by the agrarians that its composition was overwhelmingly urban and by the smaller States that the bulk of the shareholders were Prussians. To meet these objections the War Grain Company has been merged in a new Imperial Department controlled by a governing body on which all the interests concerned, urban and rural, Prussian and non-Prussian, are adequately represented. To the consumer the change makes no difference whatever, but it should facilitate smoothness of administration, and is a good illustration of the German habit of working away at an organization until it is perfect. The prices at which the new authority will buy its grain remain nominally unaltered, but the number of price areas into which Germany is divided has been reduced to four, and the effect of this simplification has been to make grain, and consequently bread, somewhat cheaper in the industrial south-west, where the bulk of the consuming population is concentrated, and somewhat dearer in the agrarian northeast, where however a considerable percentage of the population grows its own corn and is therefore unconcerned with prices in the local market. The new regulation is little to the taste of the agrarians, who had hoped for a general increase in

the official maxima; but they appear to have acquiesced in it with a good grace.

The Press generally approves of these new arrangements, but its attitude towards the plan for regulating the price of non-monopolized food-stuffs is far more sceptical. A great section of opinion, represented mainly but not exclusively by the Socialist papers, hold that the monopoly policy ought to be extended to other food-stuffs, and especially to meat and potatoes. The authorities argue that such a policy would be impracticable, first because it would not be possible to introduce any satisfactory grading of qualities, and secondly because a scale of prices applicable over a large area cannot be drawn up. This latter point has also been brought out in England in discussions as to the regulation of coal prices. But whereas we have been able to establish wholesale maxima for coal, the Germans have not established wholesale maxima for meat, not even in the case of large contracts. It is argued that in the case of meat bought by the military authorities and by the great municipalities the quantities concerned are so enormous that a scale of qualities could be drawn up and applied without serious difficulty, and that the prices fixed for these great transactions would regulate the general market price. To this argument the authorities have as yet made no reply, but a serious attempt has now been made to facilitate the regulation of prices in the retail trade.

At the very beginning of the war local authorities were empowered to fix the prices of the necessities of life within their respective areas, but only slight advantage has been taken of this power. If the prices so fixed were high the public would get no benefit from them, and if they were low the farmers would not send in any prod-

uce. Accordingly it has been found advisable, especially in the industrial districts of Saxony and the Rhineland, to fix no local prices at all. The authorities could then submit that the local market was open and that the prices demanded were the lowest which free competition could produce. This is of course a special case of a general argument made familiar in our own fiscal controversies, and even the strongest Free Trader will admit the force of the objection that at any rate in a small area, and especially in an isolated country such as Germany now is, competition may not be free. The case put forward by the advocates of a drastic new policy in regard to the sale of both meat and vegetables is not simply that the dealers have formed rings, though this allegation is often made. It is that under the present conditions, with prices showing a tendency to rise, the average trader withholds his stocks on the ground that he will be able to make a larger profit the next day. The economic man is in fact indulging his natural instinct to improve his market, and the scarcity of supplies, actual or apprehended, prevents this instinct from being held in check by competition. This attitude, it is argued, just because it is natural is more general, and therefore more deadly, in its effects than the operations of any ring. The Government have recognized the truth of this contention in regard to meat by compelling the municipalities to sell it. Every commune in Germany with more than five thousand inhabitants has been placed under the obligation of laying in and preserving stocks of pork to the value of 15s. per head of the population. This pork is to be sold publicly throughout the summer by the local authorities, who will of course fix a price which the public can afford to pay. It was hoped that the sale of salted meat at reasonable prices would have kept the

price of fresh meat at a tolerable level; the collapse of this hope has caused a deal of unrest. The theory would doubtless have proved tolerably sound had fresh meat continued to come into the market in normal quantities. But the very heavy slaughter of pigs in the early months of the year, combined with the restrictions on the killing of immature cattle, has resulted in a great drop in the number of beasts now sent to the slaughter-houses. The result is that the butcher looks for his purchasers of fresh meat to a smaller and more prosperous circle, and that he has put up his prices to the level which he thinks they can afford, irrespective of the competition of the municipal salt pork.

This procedure has led to considerable agitation in Saxony, whose Government has been confronted with a demand that prices should be regulated throughout the kingdom. Its reply was that it was entirely helpless. A self-sufficing State like Bavaria or Prussia could indeed establish maxima and enforce laws by prohibiting the export of its produce except on military account. But Saxony was not self-sufficing; it had to import from its neighbors, and the only effect of maxima would be to check import. It was therefore the view of the Saxon authorities that only the Imperial Government could take action in the desired sense, and the *Vorwärts* has published the text of a memorandum to the Imperial Chancellor in which

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the Saxon Government contended that such action had become a matter of political necessity. The Government's reply has taken a rather curious form. It has not fixed universal maxima, but it has fixed universal penalties for the disobedience of local maxima. If a retail dealer in any town attempts to exceed the maxima fixed by the local authority or to force them up by withholding his stocks he is liable to a penalty of a year's imprisonment and a fine of £500. The view of the Imperial Government is that now that they are armed with these penalties the local authorities will not hesitate to fix maxima, and that as a consequence every commune in Germany will soon have its scale of local prices. The idea is ingenious and shows that the central Government is at least no longer indifferent to the situation. But it remains to be seen whether violations of the law can actually be proved, especially in charges of the wilful withholding of stocks from sale. It also remains to be seen whether the local maxima imposed will satisfy public opinion; for under the new arrangement no less than under the old the commune which fixes abnormally low prices will not obtain produce, and the competition among consumers is such as to make it appear probable that the general level of prices will be high. In that case the issue will enter on a new phase, and the demand for the monopolizing of all necessities may become urgent.

IS GERMAN DIPLOMACY A CLODHOPPER?

The publication in the New York "World" of some secret documents illustrating the methods of the German Foreign Office enforces our warning of a week ago as to the peril and folly of underrating the cleverness of German

diplomacy. It has become a habit in the English Press to assume that German diplomatists are coarse and blundering simpletons; that their activities are invariably ridiculous; that they can safely be left to defeat themselves in

their own time and way. We hardly think this view would be well received at the British Foreign Office. Those who have to deal with German diplomatic schemers very quickly realize that they are dealing with alert, unscrupulous and very dangerous opponents. There is, as we have pointed out, one mistake which the German diplomatist has tended rather frequently to make; but even this he is learning to correct. Hitherto he has reckoned quite cynically and almost solely upon a frank appeal to the self-interest of his correspondents. He has allowed too little for the moral and generous motives which, despite the worldliness of the world, do really count in national affairs. Germany's worst blunder in this kind was her "infamous proposal" to Great Britain in July of last year. But now the German diplomats are learning to change their ways; and of late such blunders have been rare. German diplomacy has in fact been, all things considered, remarkably skilful. The methods of Germany have not been clean or pretty; but they have been effective. She has, within limits, had her way. Belgium is invaded and desolate; but the moral account has, so far as it concerns international virtue, yet to be settled. Germany has torn to shreds every international ideal, every shred of scrip to which the civilized Powers of the world have set their individual seals. But this has as yet made no difference whatever to her diplomatically. She is still exchanging polite notes and sentiments with the neutral nations. Diplomatists who can still obtain for a nation which has done what Germany has done the utmost courtesy and consideration from powerful Governments are clearly not to be regarded as simpletons. A Foreign Office which, with von Tirpitz hanging about its neck, can yet engage successfully in polite correspondence with a

humane and civilized Power has clearly to be taken seriously. We may say that the German Foreign Office is a wicked Office. But it is undoubtedly a cunning, and not a clumsy Office. There may even be method for those who can discover it in the inconsistencies which so heartily amuse the British Press, and in the rudeness which is so invariably mistaken for sheer hobbledehoydom.

At any rate it would be well for the public to study very carefully the documents now appearing in the New York "World." They are as unscrupulous as the invasion of Belgium. They undoubtedly are a breach of what is commonly understood as international courtesy. But they are not stupid. They reveal, indeed, as complete and as clever a conspiracy as could well be expected of a Government which neglects no detail and no labor in any scheme which it seriously undertakes.

This particular conspiracy had for its object the spreading of the German point of view in America. It was to be kept secret from all but a half-dozen people in Berlin. No one was to know of the German money and direction which lay behind an apparently honest American undertaking. There was to be no coarse preaching of German ideas, no obtrusive pushing of German interests. This American syndicate was to offer "news" only—news which should be sold to American editors, and should have no apparent bias one way or the other. The common charge that German diplomats are incapable of seeing any point of view but their own is rudely shaken by the very clear evidence in these documents of a close and intimate study of American editors. Thus it is laid down that "everything must be communicated to them in the form of news, as they have been accustomed to this and only understand this kind of propaganda." Also we are told that

the "news" must be sold to them because "the American editor despises news that is delivered for nothing." Also, as the American editor is a discerning man, not easily outwitted, there must be great care to keep any appearance of prejudice from peeping through. The success of the scheme is described as depending entirely upon "subtlety of representation." There are some interesting disquisitions on "American tastes and American feeling." Don't, the German Foreign Office is advised, mention Belgium any more, or suggest that England is responsible for the war, or talk about German culture (because the Americans, too, are cultured); and there is the following useful caution concerning the relative value of propaganda which can be traced directly to Berlin and propaganda which is furnished with an alias, and as to how this alias might be effectively worked:

"In this connection it may be mentioned that a single wireless telegram sent by Corey in the German cause has been more useful than all the official reports sent by the Government by wireless since the beginning of the war. Furthermore, a telegraphic code would have to be worked out which, got up

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in a commercial manner, would make it possible to transmit such telegrams through a Dutch or Swiss bank friendly to Germany to a bank in New York also friendly to Germany. If this were carried out, an enormous quantity of material could be cabled over without the enemy knowing how it got there."

Is a Government which is so thoroughly well and artfully advised as indicated in this document to be treated as a clodhopper? Perhaps these timely disclosures will check the tendency to despise too utterly the German intrigues. It is dangerous to underrate the enemy in any field. The public gained nothing but bitter and continual disillusionment by assuming that Germany was making an obvious and terrible blunder in thinking she could sustain a war of more than a few months' duration. Let us be at any rate prepared to see her not always and inevitably fall when it comes to making mischief for the Allies in other ways. Germany, in the coming months, will have to be taken very seriously indeed in many diplomatic fields. She is working steadily and craftily to-day in places where it is easier to make difficulties than to meet them.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Ernest Barker's review of "Political Thought in England from Herbert Spencer to the Present Day" (Henry Holt & Co.) is necessarily rapid, because of the limitations of space in the Home University Library, in which it appears; but it is clear and cogent, and its statement of various and conflicting views of the relation of the State to society and the individual is illuminating. Its thoroughness and fairness will commend it to the student; and the fact that it touches,

directly or indirectly, upon many present-day problems of politics and statesmanship and civic responsibility gives it practical value.

The contemporary history of "The Great War" by Frank H. Simonds, Associate Editor of the New York Tribune, puts at the disposal of the reader a well-sifted and graphic narrative of the great struggle, in which the significance of events in the different fields of conflict is clearly

shown. Mr. Simonds's first volume told the story from the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand to the fall of Antwerp. The present volume covers the second phase of the war, from the fall of Antwerp to the second battle of Ypres, April 22-23. Both volumes are of moderate size and free from bewildering technicalities. Singly or together, they will help the reader to a clearer understanding, not only of what has already taken place but of the military and naval operations reported in the daily despatches. Mitchell Kennerley.

At a time when most of the Christian nations of the world are engaged in the most merciless and sanguinary war known in history, it requires courage for a writer to study and apply the principles of Christian unity as William H. Cobb does in his work on "The Meaning of Christian Unity" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.). But the principles for which he contends are enduring, and even in a storm-tossed time like the present, it is not unprofitable to consider them. He defines Christian unity as "the life of God in the lives of all His children" and declares that "the way to attain it is by the diligent use of the means of grace." His subject divides itself into two Parts,—the teaching of Christ, and our consequent duties. His treatment of both is earnest, devout and practical.

The essay entitled "Whither?", first published anonymously in a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and now republished, still anonymously, by Houghton Mifflin Co., is a thought-arresting, heart-searching study of present tendencies in philosophy and life. It contrasts the materialism of the present day, the concentration of thought and endeavor upon the merely physical, with the idealism and the

regard for spiritual things of an earlier day. The contrast is thus emphasized:

"It is an era of the flesh and its needs, its possibilities,—of unawareness, for the most part, of any aspects deeper than the physical. Many of us can remember the day when we were taught that we had immortal souls, to whose safeguarding thought and care and profound endeavor must go. The chief question was, 'Is it right or wrong?' The chief question now is, 'Is it sterilized?' Life, which used to be a brave flight between heaven and hell, has come to be a long and anxious tip-toeing between the microbe and the antiseptic."

Clear in thought, pungent in expression, arresting and appealing in its presentation of high ideals, it may be hoped that the little book may have the wide and appreciative reading which it merits.

Professor George Madison Priest, who fills the chair of Germanic Languages and Literature in Princeton University, offers, in his "Germany Since 1740" (Ginn & Co.) an unpretentious and compact, but extremely interesting and useful summary of German history from the time when what is now a closely-knit and powerful Empire was a mere aggregation of no less than 318 separate states, most of them of trifling importance, down to the present, when it presents an extraordinary spectacle of national strength and unity. Students of literature and students of history alike will find this resume of Germanic development very serviceable as a background to the history which is being so rapidly made to-day. The narrative is brought down to the beginning of the present war, to which only a few pages are given at the close. Three maps, showing the extent of Germany at different stages of its history, illustrate the book.